Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 29, 1962 / 25¢

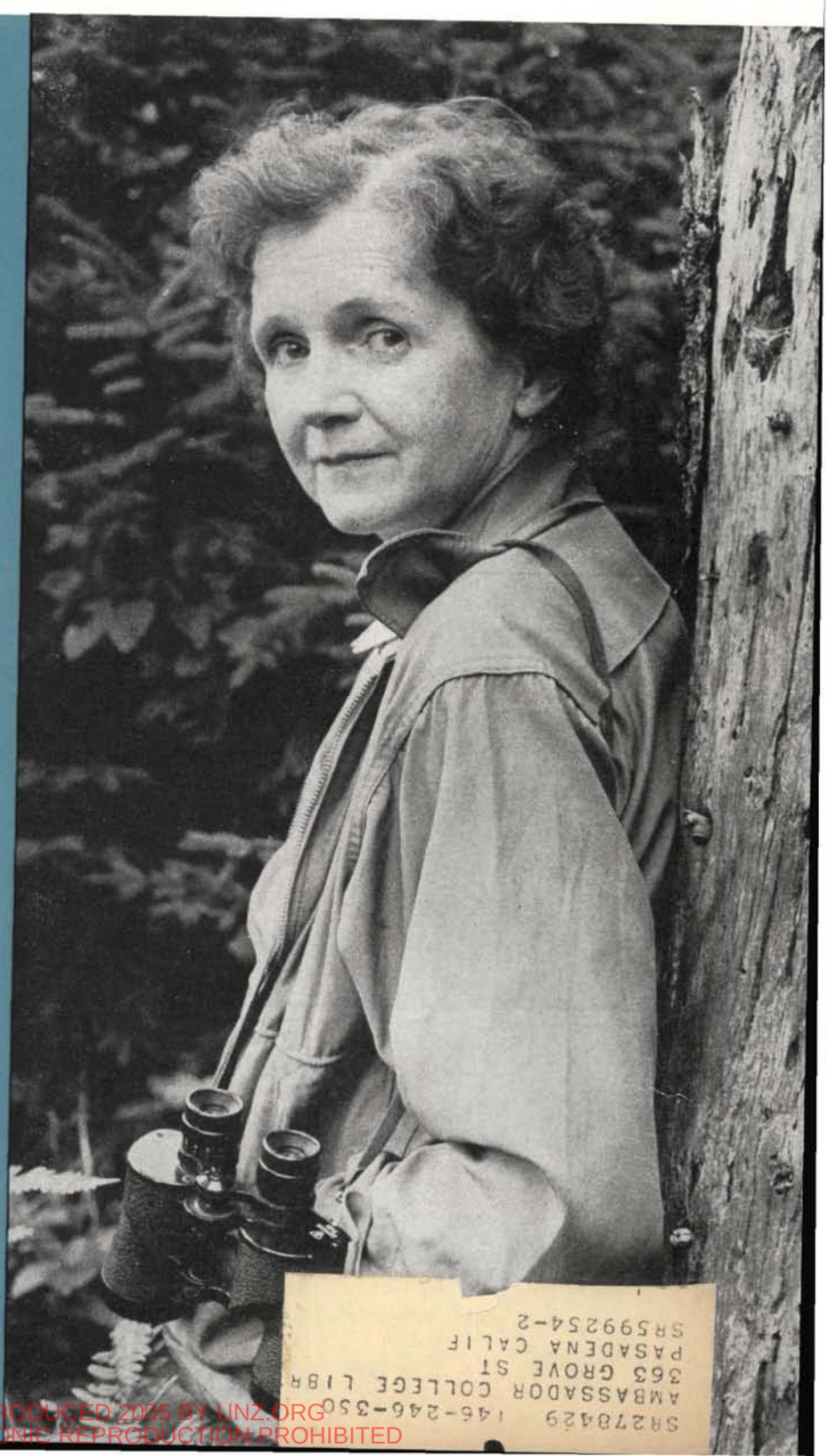
RECORDINGS

AUDIO '63:

Preview of The New York Audio Show

INFATUATION WITH THE PRIMITIVE

By Joseph Wood Krutch



Rachel Carson, whose "Silent Spring" marks the beginning of a national debate. (See Books)

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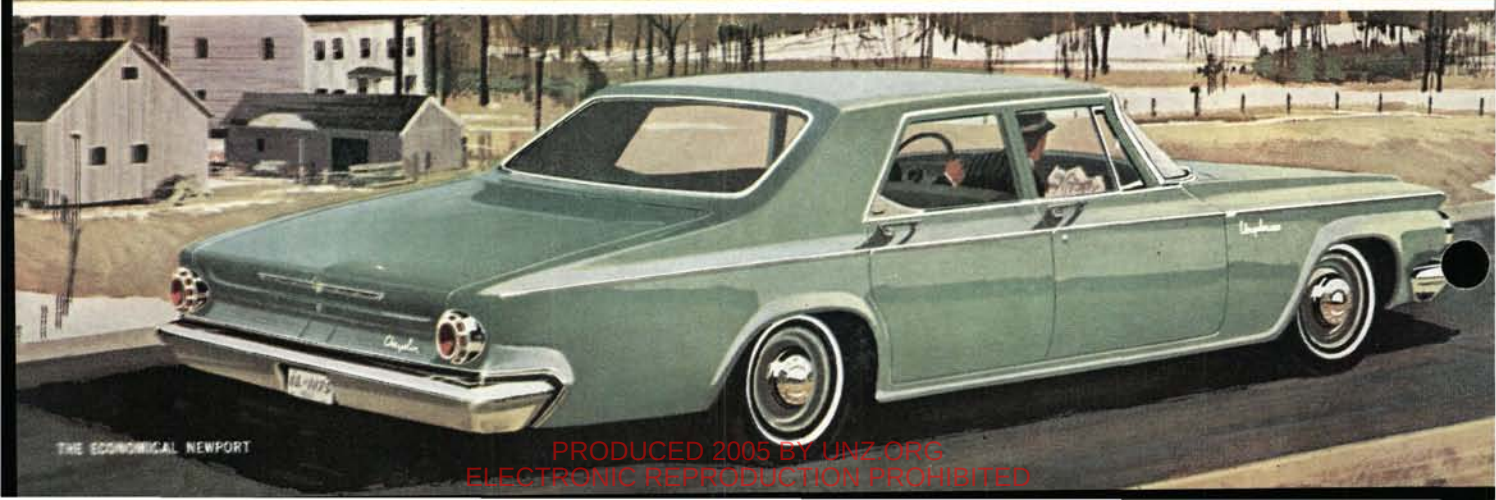

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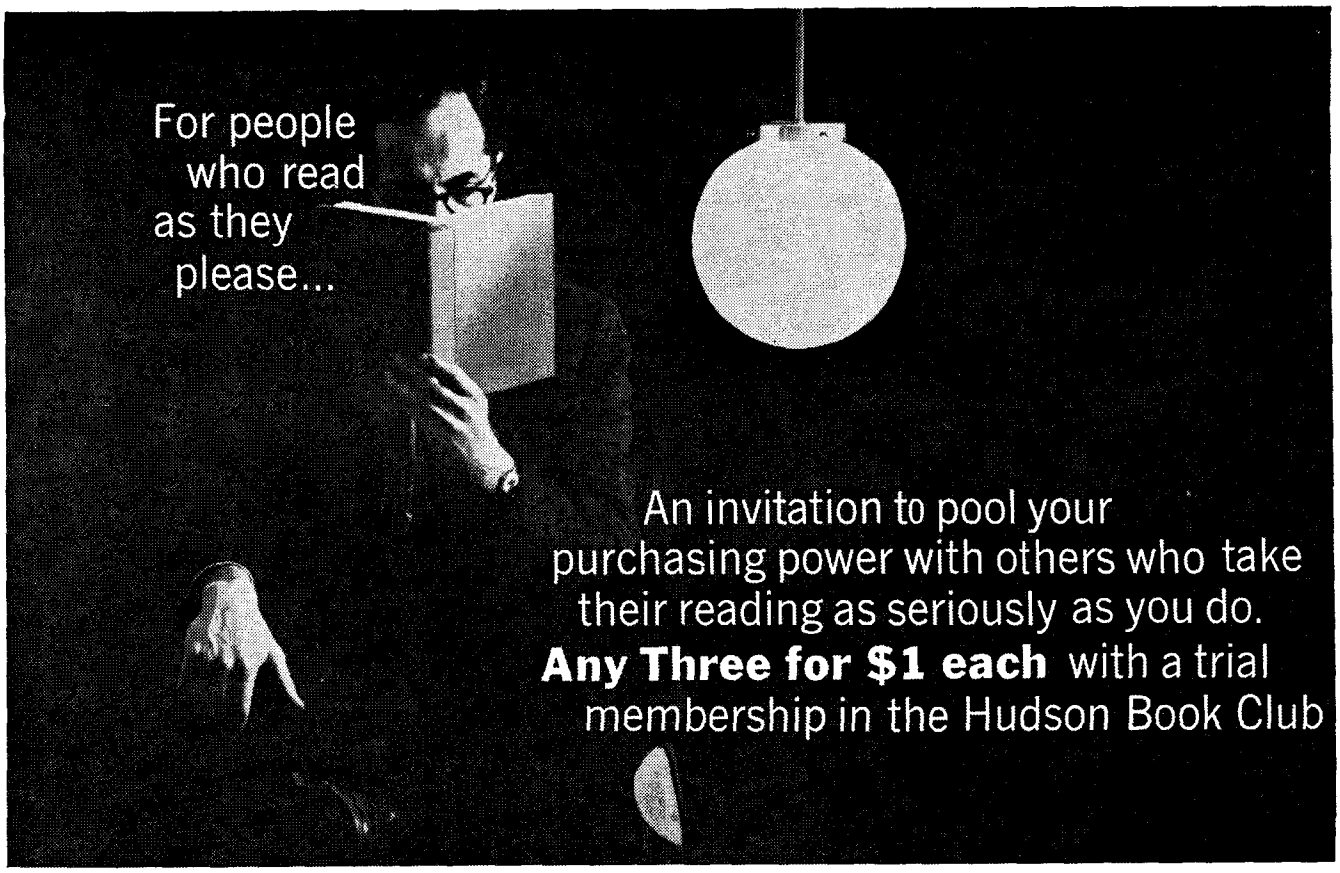
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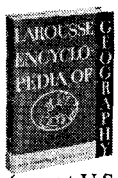

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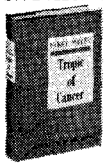

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PRECIOUS MINUTES IN THE LIFE OF A GENIUS

When Heifetz is on concert tour around the world, one of his famous violins, the "David" Guarnerius made in 1742 or the Stradivarius built in 1731, goes with him. They are such a part of his life that it is actually physically impossible to separate him from them. Wherever he goes, no one—neither bell hop, piano accompanist, nor personal representative can carry them, no one but Heifetz himself.

The great violin pedagogue, Leopold Auer, said that a genius such as Heifetz is born only once in 200 years. Thus, every minute in a performance by this prodigious musician is precious. When the miracle of modern recording techniques crystalizes these minutes forever they indeed become exactly what the word "heifetz" means in Hebrew—a "gem." Few soloists in the world have played the Vieuxtemps Concerto No. 5, in 60 years. Its performance calls for endurance, musicianship, poetry, and technique—attributes which Heifetz furnishes in abundance on this new recording.

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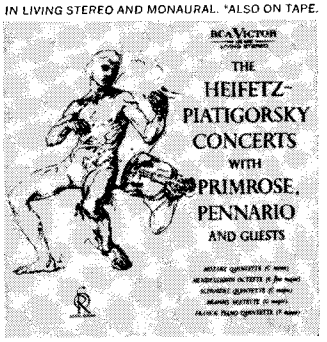

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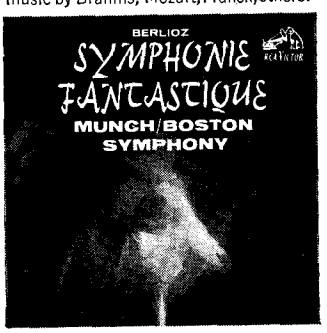
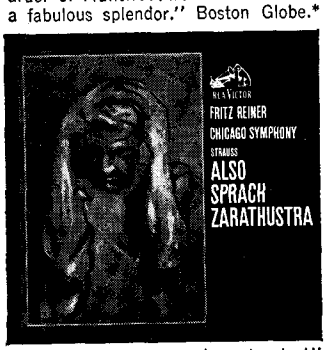


"... Berlioz summons all the emotional ardor of Munch ... from the orchestra a fabulous splendor." Boston Globe.*



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Saturday Review
September 29, 1962
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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 39, September 29, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" © 1962 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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Edited by Martin Levin

BART ON BRECHT

MY FRIEND Bart is a sort of Bertolt Brecht buff. Two off-Broadway companies have announced productions of the same Brecht play, one calling it "Man is Man," the other calling it "A Man's a Man." A reading called "Brecht on Brecht" has run all year. "Man is Man" is being directed by Julian Beck. My friend Bart, though thoroughly conversant with Brecht, doesn't think he knows Beck. Nevertheless, Bart wants to see both Brechts.

Frankly, I thought "Brecht on Brecht" a bore.

And I believe Beck suspects two "Brechts" (identical in most respects) to be, minimally, one more than called for. Bart, beckoned by both "Brechts," rejects neither. Neither would Bobby Burns (who boffed with "braw, brecht moonlicht nicht") (and again with "a man's a man for a' o' that).

I understand that they once got

A Man Is a Man Is a Man

Brecht to direct a company of kid
prima donnas. Bertolt every little star.
(Expect I'd trek to Georgia Tech to
see "Brecht on Sex.")

—HENRY MORGAN.

• • •

SHORT BALLADE OF THE PENSIVE REBEL

(Fired into inaction by a stage direction of James M. Barrie's*)

"All's right with the world!" R.
Browning's joyous tune
Sang glory to a world now
worlds away.
The cosmic scene has changed. A
bleaker June
Confronts the Muse's modern
protégé:
Valhallawards we march on feet
of clay
As one last Armageddon science
primes.
Shall I stand idly by and watch?
Nay, nay!
(I think I'll write a letter to The
Times.)
How innocent was conquest in
Rangoon
When Kipling's fish cavorted in
the spray:
Romance beneath a kind, imperial
Moon;
No flying missiles from across
the bay.
How awkward, now, to keep
iambics gay
As hydrogenocidal quotient
climbs:
"Oops! Sorry, world. We wiped
you out. Touché!"
I think I'll write a letter! (To The
Times?)

ENVOY

Could you postpone your quar-
rel, Messrs. K.?:
Rose smiled last night (most sweet
of pantomimes) . . . .
We're off to City Hall, then
Cartier.
*I think I'll write a letter to The
Times!*

—FRED SAIDY.

*Act One, Scene One of "A Kiss for Cinderella."
Bodie, the artist, gets a new aesthetic insight into the Venus de Milo:
Bodie (excitedly)
By heavens, that may just be what she is doing!
(*He contemplates a letter to The Times.*)

• • •

TOUJOURS GAI

YOU never know the other fellow's circumstances. I thought my friend had a steady job. He seemed to be well enough fixed. One reason I was led to believe this was that he was always sinningly cheerful.

Running into him one day I said, "I was in a taxi yesterday and I passed you. You were at a sidewalk cafe with a girl."

He smiled back at me, brightly, and said, "That wasn't a girl, that was my wife. And that wasn't a sidewalk cafe, that was our furniture."

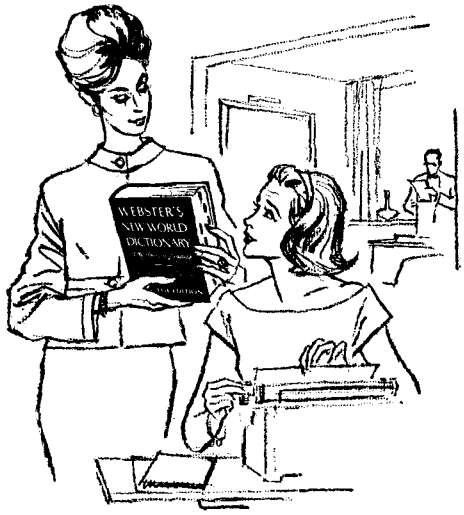
—HOWARD LINDSAY.

• • •

LINES FOR THOSE WHO LAMENT THE LENGTH OF PARADISE LOST

A poet would require still greater
span
To justify the ways of man to man.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.



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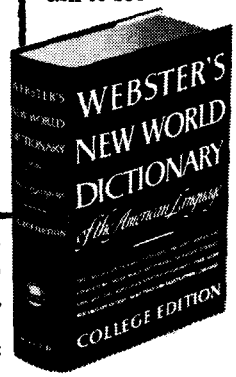

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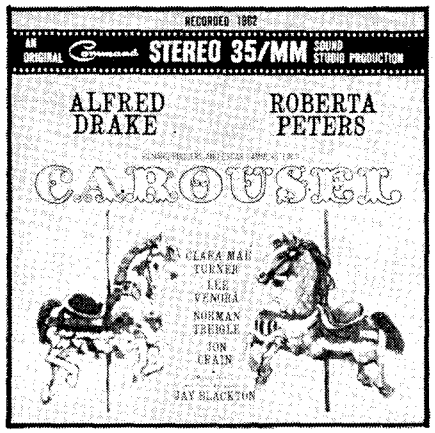

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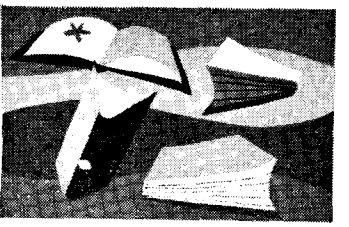
Trade Winds



AN UNUSUAL FILM ASSIGNMENT was recently completed for NBC-TV's Du-Pont Show of the Week (September 30, 10 P.M.). It is a one-hour report on the activities of Fire Rescue Company One in Manhattan, and it involved moving writers, camera men, sound men, in short, a whole TV crew, into Rescue One's quarters for a period of over three months. During this time, all of us in the crew—together with portable cameras and lighting equipment—rode out with Rescue One to answer alarms and film the action.

The concern of Executive Producer Irving Gitlin and Producer Fred Freed

(both of whom came up with some extremely successful documentaries in the White Paper series) was whether the cameras could move fast enough and the crew be agile enough to catch those moments of crisis when life and death hang in a precarious balance.

EQUIPPED WITH helmets, boots, camera equipment, and rubber coats, we moved in with the men of Rescue One. They were at first self-conscious, but later forgot all about the cameras that were trained on them constantly, not only in the firehouse but on the fire escapes, ladders, and roofs and in the subcellars, lofts, and stairwells to which the alarm boxes called them. Bunks were set up for us in the vaulted room above the fire-fighting apparatus. Here we tried to learn the art of sleeping through the endless clang of alarm bells which continues throughout the night. Only a faint ray of light comes up through the pole openings in the floor. When an alarm rings, a dozen ghostly silhouettes rise up and sit counting the bells. If the alarm is for a different company, they drop back again onto the beds. If it means action, the men are down the poles and out in some twenty-three seconds.

THE SQUAT RESCUE TRUCK, driven by George Planding, is pushed through traffic at incredible speeds. But at the same time he drives with the utmost caution. Red lights and one-way streets of course mean nothing, but the danger of other fire-fighting apparatus converging on the same fire is always there. The sirens and rasping Klaxon horns are so loud that neither can hear the other's sirens.

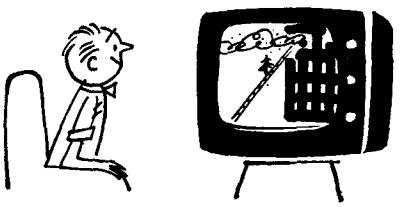
On the way to the fire, the men set themselves for anything. Their usual preknowledge is only a street box number and an address, and the feeling of facing the unknown as the truck screams through the streets is both exhilarating and chilling. The worst locale, which even the toughest men fear, is Hell's Hundred Acres, the sprawling section along lower Broadway. Here tons of combustible plastics, synthetics, textiles, and cartons are piled high in enormous lofts in nonfireproof buildings. When, during a fire, firemen move into these lofts to search for people who might be trapped there and to open outlets for the built-up gases—the two basic jobs to pave the way for the men with the hoses—they can easily get lost in the maze. Much of this work is done with no visibility whatever, and with an MSA filter mask the only protection against the superheated gases and toxic fumes. For navigating, a fireman keeps a hoseline between his feet or a lifeline in his hands, or sometimes he gropes his way by touch alone. Firemen are killed often. During this filming, in fact, Fireman John Farragher lost his way in a blazing loft and died under a collapsed roof.

SMOKE INHALATION rather than fire usually creates the most casualties. Even in a minor fire, the smoke can be overpowering. When you enter the building, it feels like a knife in your chest. If you do not keep low—within two feet of the floor—it may mean your death.

Firemen have definite preferences as to types of smoke. For example, in contrast to the smoke from a mattress, plastic, foam rubber, or textile fire, the thick, black smoke from an oil fire can be laughed off. There is plenty of oxygen left in it, and they can work in it without a mask, which they prefer to do where possible. A mask can get you in trouble, they will say; you get overconfident; you move into places you ought not to go.

WATER THAT HITS A FIRE from the hoselines soon becomes scalding hot; and in one tenement we entered, it cascaded down the stairs like a waterfall, making it almost impossible to keep our feet. Another time, during a 4 A.M. call to a Wall Street skyscraper, a engine company was hitting the fire on the twenty-third floor with hoses, sending the scalding water plummeting down the elevator shaft. As we entered the elevator to reach the fire floor, the water was pouring through the ceiling of the elevator. There was always the threat of a short circuit halfway up the express shaft, where no doors were available. This is not a comfortable feeling, but firemen take it in their stride. They also think nothing of sliding off a roof on a rope, or of plunging into a blazing subcellar.

TO TRY TO CAPTURE this three-month experience, we kept two hand-held 16-mm. Filmo cameras constantly loaded in the truck, a slim Nagra tape recorder, a portable battery light, and an Auricon sound camera on a shoulder brace. Upon arriving at a fire, the camera man sprinted out of the truck on the coat tails of Lieutenant Bill McMahon, the leader of Rescue One,



and the rest of us followed inches behind with the other six firemen. We moved into the fire buildings sandwiched in between the Rescue men and the lieutenant, and were never allowed out of their sight. The camera work had to be done at top speed, because this is the pace at which firemen have to move. At the same time, we were to keep out of their way.

If the final result captures in some small way the dangers these men face every day as a matter of course, it will succeed in its purpose. Courage today is a rare quality; people should see more of it. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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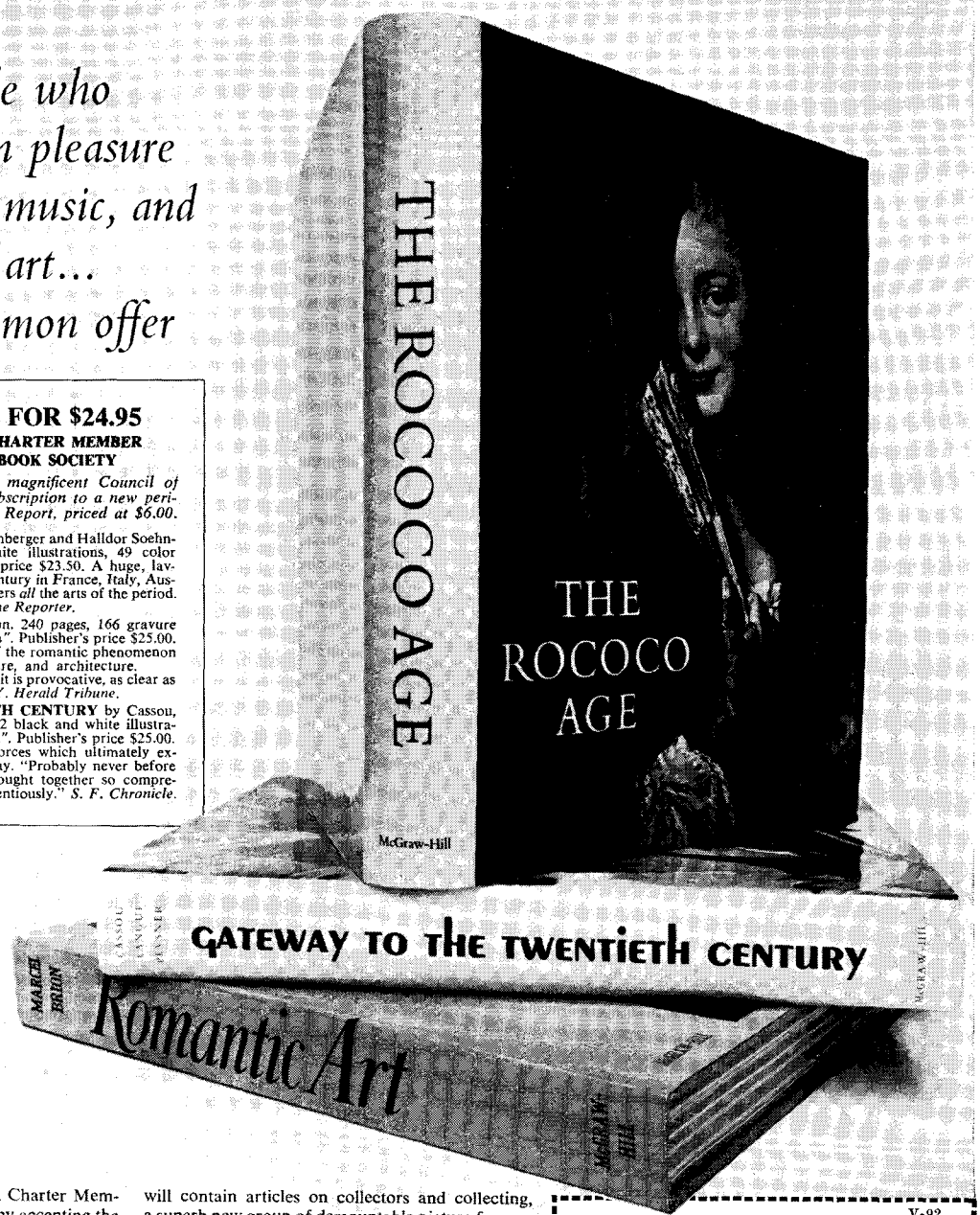

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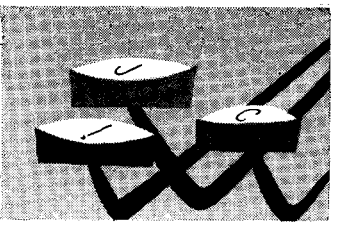
Manner of Speaking



TO SPEAK AN AGE: "Tulips and Chimneys," e. e. cummings's first book of poems (he had earlier published "The Enormous Room," a partly fictionalized account of his experiences in a French prison during World War 1), was published in 1923 and won the "Dial" prize in 1925. Since that time his poetry has been a target for the passionate derision of those who have taken his fondness for the lower case, his typographical oddities, his seemingly arbitrary punctuation, and his exuberant cross-breeding of the parts of speech as evidence of aesthetic fraud. It has been as passionately defended by those who have found in it the language, the images, the rhythms, and the forms of a deeply felt and brilliantly captured experience of our age.

Everything that need be said about cummings's work has been said by now. An obituary notice need not be the place for reassessing what is clear enough already. Nor is it the proper place for rebuking foolish readers. Let it be for praising the good we owe to the shaping and the singing mind of the man who was and is one of our best revolutions. But let no man think that the revolution was either typographical or grammatical. The technical devices cummings developed were part of the language of his revolution, but the true revolution was in the sensibility of the man, and — because the man was an artist—of all men.

It can be argued that cummings was in no sense an intellectual. And it does seem to be true that his poetry tends to overwhelm the uncritical undergraduates while it tends to leave most of the faculty members shaking their heads. I have never known a college class of would-be writers that did not contain young men who found in cummings a way of speaking their own emotional and intellectual explosions. Does it matter that all such lads turn out to be sophomoric in their imitations? Ignorant they may be, but their ignorance is all honesty. If they love the true sound uncritically, it is yet the true sound, and they can yet recognize it even when they debase it in their imitations.

Perhaps cummings will be everlastingly a part of the bright and burning sophomore because he himself insisted on remaining one. Perhaps it is for that reason the wise owls of the faculty continue to shake their heads. The faculty, plagued by undergraduates whose minds run to blunt, categorical oversimplifications, labors to teach a sense of degrees of difference in ideas. But cummings and the undergraduates firmly insist that what is good is all good and that what is bad is all bad.

Let me confess that I do not know how to live in this world with anything like cummings's dramatic simplification of good and evil. But it is not intellect by which one measures a poet, or not at least by the orderliness of his ratiocination. If I do not know how to live in this world on cummings's terms, I do, infallibly, with the assistance of his genius, know how to take his terms as a way of dreaming this world better. Upper-case Intellectuals may dismiss cummings's simplification of things as an intellectual absurdity, but a holy man of the East would know exactly what to think of them; his name for them would probably be Essence. Perhaps, after all, it is not that cummings's mind was oversimple, but that our minds have grown overcomplicated and thereby lost the sense of first things.

IF cummings did oversimplify, he did so with such honesty and with such readiness to pay the price for his simplicities that we cannot fail to admire him. In "The Enormous Room" he writes of his World War I trial before a French functionary on a charge of espionage (cummings had gone to France as an ambulance driver for the Red Cross). The case against him is so flimsy that even the functionary is simply going through the motions of an investigation. In the end it all boils down to one question. "Do you hate the Germans?" asks the functionary. The poet has only to answer that he does hate and the charge will be dropped. But cummings will not have hate put into his mouth by any man. He will reply only, "I love the French." The functionary insists: "Do you hate the Germans?" But cummings has insistences of his own. He will reply only, "I love the French." To a functionary, of course, love is a suspect emotion. The duty of a good patriot is to hate. In patriotic duty he sends cummings to jail.

Is it absurd for a man to go to jail rather than yield a few words to a fool's sense of self-importance? I, certainly, and you, I suspect, would have given the fool his jingo gesture and gone free. No less a man than Galileo said the words aloud while muttering his reservations to himself, and I, for one, cannot hold him in scorn. Yet his yielding was in some part a spiritual failure, even a wise failure perhaps, but a failure nonetheless, and we are all lost if in the sophistication of our failures we forget to admire the man who did not fail, the man who paid the price of his simplicities.

But if cummings was a simple man, it will not do to conclude that he was not a man of subtle perception. He knew his times and the currents of his times. He *sensed* them as only an artist can, by heart.

One of the most interesting pieces of cummings's writings I have yet found is an undergraduate essay in the *Harvard Advocate*. It is titled "The New Art," and even as a partly muddled undergraduate effort it makes clear the fact that one young man back in 1915 had developed a sense of modern art that many of our Serious Thinkers have not now begun to grasp. "It is my purpose," the undergraduate poet wrote, "to sketch briefly the parallel developments of the New Art in painting, sculpture, music, and literature." He then proceeds to a perceptive, brief discussion of cubism and futurism with a special appreciation of Brancusi, follows that with a discussion of the new music from Richard Strauss to Scriabin by way of Satie and Schönberg, and concludes, oddly enough, with an appreciation of Amy Lowell and Gertrude Stein.

It is a strange mixture, and certainly the mature man would have revised some of his specific statements and general opinions. But this was a boy of twenty, a boy listening passionately and intuitively to the voices of his world, and beginning to shape from them a sense of what world those voices were speaking and making. Above all, his perception already encompassed forms that many of our Serious Thinkers still like to think of as this morning's eccentric innovations.

It was a boy who wrote that piece, but the man remained, as the boy had begun, a perceiving spirit. What the man added to the boy's beginning was genius. Because of his genius, e. e. cummings has written some of the poems in which our age will be remembered and made visible. And to the extent that every good artist's total work invents a character, cummings has created the figure of a kind of perception and of a kind of valorous honesty that will forever, by grace of singing genius, raise readers in joy to a primary sense of their own lives.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 29, 1962

THE INFATUATION WITH THE PRIMITIVE

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *distinguished author and critic. Mr. Krutch's autobiography, "More Lives than One," has just been published by William Sloane Associates.*

A FEW weeks ago I stood with a small group of other tourists at the mouth of the cave-sanctuary near Lascaux in southern France. Presently, we were admitted through the iron doors which now close it. We walked down a concrete ramp and, by the light of electric bulbs, gazed at the polychrome zoo painted on the uneven walls, one picture sometimes superimposed upon an older one. The pictures date from the last ice age, when glaciers covered most of Europe. They are also, according to the pronouncements of many art historians, greatly superior to those executed by other races thousands of years later; so superior indeed that anthropologists were for a time reluctant to believe they could be as old as they actually are. And not only were the artists more accomplished than those who succeeded them in prehistoric times; their feeling, again according to the art historians, was more "modern" than that of the academicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They were closer to Picasso than to Landseer.

At least, "modern" is what we now call it. But I could not help thinking that it was lucky for the reputation of these anonymous painters that their work was first discovered in 1940 instead of in, say, 1840. Had it come to light in the nineteenth century, it would have excited anthropologists but not critics of art. Ruskin, for example, would have seen in it no more than the faint beginnings of artistic ability, for the adjective "primitive" had at that time connotations entirely derogatory; whereas today it implies, as often as not, admiration and praise. "Primitive," said our grandfathers, "and therefore barbarous." "Primitive," say we, "and therefore beautiful."

Has anyone ever suggested that this preference today for what used to be called barbarism may have chilling implications? After all, it is one thing to say that "progress" in the arts is not, as in technology, obvious. It is another to accept as simple fact that, in certain fundamental respects, art regressed until only a generation ago, when it found again in "the modern" a true role. Could it mean that we are looking back in some far from desirable way; that we admire primitive art, not because it is like us, but because we are becoming more like it; that we are determined, not to go forward along a true road newly found, but back and back and back until we are wholly barbarous ourselves? In any case, all the recent enthusiasm for the primitive surely represents a revolution too startling to be merely accepted without further inquiry.

In painting and sculpture, we seek our inspiration either in the very ancient or among those living peoples who, like the African tribes, have remained in a primitive state. We admire and imitate the masks and other carvings of peoples who not too long ago would have been called hardly human. This taste for the primitive, either archaic or surviving, until recently would have seemed sheer perversity.

Yet, if it actually is perverse, the perversity is, to at least a minor degree, widely shared even by those of us not wholly committed to the modern primitive. Though much of the latter does not please me greatly, I am—to take a very mild example—more moved by Giotto than by Raphael, which is usual enough today but even a hundred years ago would have been generally regarded as merely silly. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that a great part of our best art—even though some of us are not entirely comfortable with it—does look backward for its inspiration.

As for modern literature, it is certainly not classical, and though some would say its tone is barbarous, its form does not, like that of the plastic arts, obviously suggest the primitive. Joyce's "Ulysses" does not immediately remind us either of the epic of "Gilgamesh" or of some creation myth still current in some primitive tribe—at least not as directly as a Modigliani portrait will now always remind me of a flattened statue of a Cycladic mother goddess (carved about 2,000 B.C.) which I happened to see in Athens shortly after my visit to the Lascaux caves.

But if literature seems headed down some road which is neither that of the civilized nor the primitive, some of the other arts definitely look back to the barbarous. Jazz, which at least many take so seriously that they call it the only "modern" musical idiom, is mostly derived from savage Africa, and in its own way much "serious" modern music also re-emphasizes elements once very prominent in the primitive. The graceful tinkle of sixteenth-century lute music is certainly far more "civilized" than the aggressively primitive "Rites of Spring," often taken as a landmark in the development of the modern idiom.

Consider also the case of the drum—

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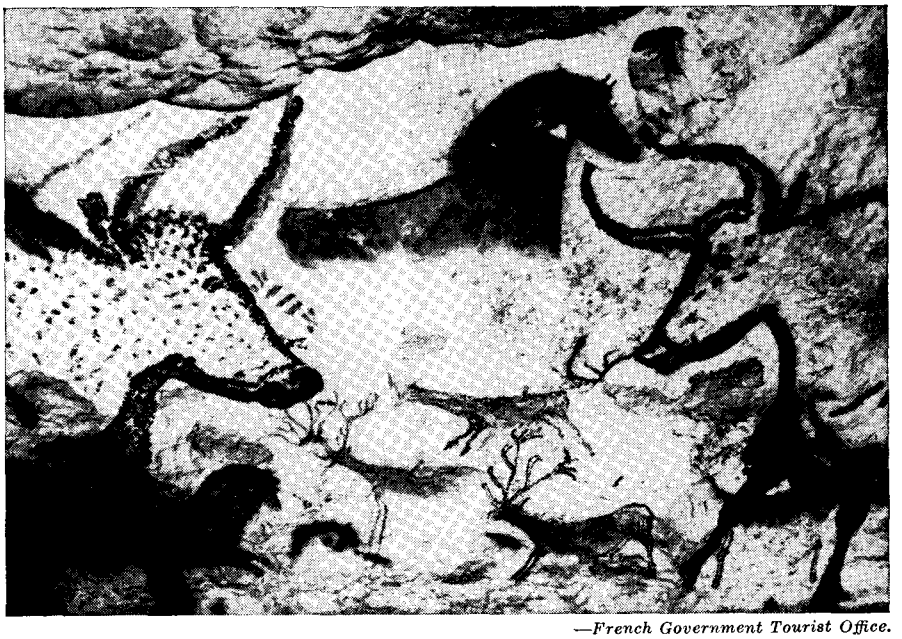
presumably the most ancient of musical instruments, just as rhythm is presumably the most ancient of musical instruments. As far back as the emergence of the classical orchestra, it played a role of increasing prominence. It first began to crash out in Beethoven and Berlioz, and in the late Romantics it thundered.

Nevertheless, it was not until very recently that "percussive" came to be an adjective with usually favorable connotations. The piano was played "percussively," and composers either emphasized this quality in instruments not purely percussive or, more and more frequently, wrote music for whole groups of percussive instruments. As for popular music, of the more "advanced" sort, many of the best-selling phonograph records are now labeled only "percussive" this or "percussive" that. In the early eighteenth century, John Byron invented the terms "tweedle-dum" and "tweedle-dee' to ridicule what he thought absurd distinctions between one composer and another. Today it is more likely to be the difference between "bum-bum-bum" and "bum-*bum*-de-bum."

Is it possible that atonality is not a new freedom but merely a relapse into some pre-Greek period before any kind of mode of tonality had been discovered? And why has architecture, too, moved away from Greek grace and Roman dignity toward the great monolithic mass which suggests the Inca and the Aztec rather than either the classical or, for that matter, the Gothic? What, in general, is the origin of this feeling of kinship with the primitive, and why has its meaning been so seldom questioned. Perhaps it has, in writings with which I am not familiar, but I can recall only such casual references as that in Aldous Huxley's "Along the Road" and the frontal attack made upon modernism some forty years ago by Wyndham Lewis in his queer (and queerly interesting) "Time and Western Man."

"Barbarism," wrote Huxley, "has entered popular music from two sources—from the music of barbarous people . . . and from serious music which has drawn upon barbarism for its inspiration. . . . Composers seem to forget that we are, in spite of everything, and though appearances may be against us, tolerably civilized. They overwhelm us not merely with Russian and Negroid noises, but with Celtic caterwaulings on the black notes, with dismal Spanish wailings, punctuated by the rattle of castanets and the clashing harmonies of the guitar."

Wyndham Lewis's thesis was that our eclectic culture—which is so proud of its appreciation of the art of various

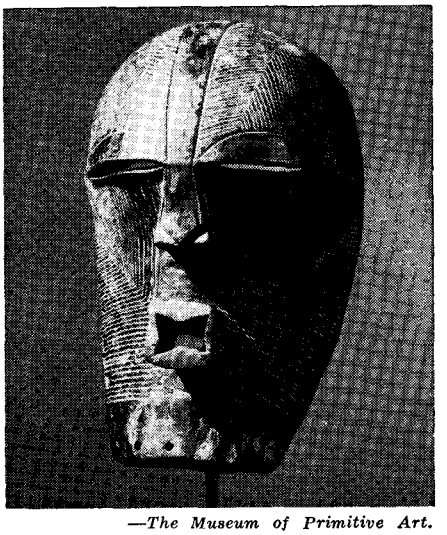


—French Government Tourist Office.

Paintings on the wall of a Lascaux cave.

—The Museum of Primitive Art.

Baluba ceremonial mask (the Congo).



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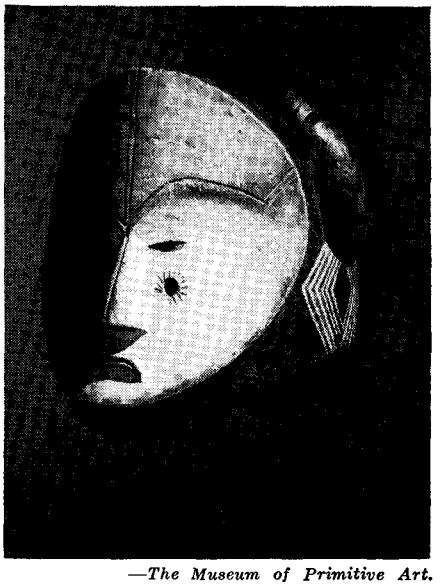

—The Museum of Primitive Art.

Ceremonial mask (Gabon Republic).

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epochs, of a cosmopolitanism which permits us to turn with ease from Michelangelo to Hiroshige and from Palestrina to Rimski-Korsakov—actually means that we have no more than a hurried, tourist's familiarity with anything and that what he called "time trotting" is as absurd as the globe trotting some of us indulge in with so little profit. Some time after his book was published, Lewis asked me to meet him in Regent's Park where we would not be overheard by spies. He invited me to join him in a counterconspiracy against all those who were engaged in propagating the primitive in art and thought—D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson being prominent among the villains—in order to undermine the basis of civilized society.

It seemed pretty absurd at the time, and the "conspiracy" is so typical of the fanatic (which Lewis certainly was) that it reminds me of an acquaintance who was unshakably convinced that the Kinsey Report had been subsidized by the Communist party in order to undermine the moral character of Americans and thus soften them up for conquest. But I am not quite so sure as I was then that there does not actually exist a drift in a somewhat disturbing direction all the more alarming just because there lies behind it something much harder to deal with than a Machiavellian conspiracy.

To designate the feeling experienced by the American of another generation when he made contact with European culture, Edmund Wilson borrowed from Melville the phrase "shock of recognition." Is, then, the excitement with which moderns view the primitive a shock of recognition, an ominous sign that a barbarism that was has made contact with a barbarism to be?

There are, of course, various other possible and less sensational interpretations, even if one rejects the simplest and most current, which is that Picasso is primitive or even prehistoric rather than renaissance or classical simply because all of what used to be called civilized art moved further and further away from its true aims and methods. We had learned all that could be learned from it and found that it had led us astray. We then sought true inspiration elsewhere.

At the other extreme from this prevalent interpretation, one might say that the more extravagant aspects of primitivism are no more than a fashion destined to pass because fashion always is, as Oscar Wilde said, "a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to change it every six months." For this interpretation there are plenty of historic parallels. The aesthete in "Patience" objected to an artistic effort on the ground that "It isn't medieval; it isn't *even* Japanese." One of his present-day successors might similarly object that "It isn't prehistoric; it isn't *even* African." The nineteenth century did learn something from both the medieval and the Japanese, but it absorbed what it could learn and then returned to its own proper business, which was not to be completely either.

SOMEWHERE between these two possible interpretations—the one which sees primitivism in the arts as self-justifying and the other which dismisses it as a fad exaggerating a modicum of truth into a stupendous revelation—there is a third, which would call it a kind of neurotic syndrome, understandable but unhealthy and the consequence of the prevalent, not unjustifiable alienation of the intellectual and the artist from the world in which he finds himself. Technology has created a physical environment which he finds uncongenial, and modern thought has created a mental and spiritual environment no less repugnant to him. He rejects the civilized and the rational because he feels that both have betrayed him. He goes off in search of D. H. Lawrence's "dark gods" and discovers that the plumed serpent acknowledges important truths to which Socrates was as blind as Herbert Spencer or as any of our own exponents of the rational and the utilitarian.

Under remotely similar circumstances, the eighteenth century, weary of its tame virtues, invented the Noble Savage (not as artist because it never admired, except in literature, any painting, sculpture, or achitecture more ancient than the so-called "Gothic") as an embodiment of benevolence and stern, simple virtue. The actual Savage has long been known not to have resembled even remotely that innocent paragon; so far as I know, it is as artist only that the primitive man is now admired. He was, we admit, ignorant cruel, dirty, and bedeviled by senseless taboos. But he created works of art unrivaled in modern times except by those who have sat humbly at his feet—as he still lives in Africa, in Polynesia, and elsewhere, or as his ghost lingers in the caves at Lascaux.

Some years ago Gerald Heard propounded the ingenious theory that civilization, though always developing, rises along a spiral rather than on a simple upward curve. At different times it looks back with sympathetic understanding at this or that earlier stage of its development—now sensing a kinship with Greece and Rome, now with the Gothic, now with the Byzantine, as it spirals over them. As a highly speculative explanation of a fact which might otherwise seem to have only the meaningless meaning of erratic fashion, this theory has its attractiveness. It is also somewhat reassuring. But I cannot help wondering whether this spiral may not be descending rather than rising and if, therefore, the "eternal recurrence" may be not so much an actual recurrence as a repassing from above.

I hope that my own fears are unfounded. But developments in the arts have often been paralleled in other fields, and as I contemplate political, social, and military events rather than those merely artistic and cultural, I find them suggesting the gloomier alternative. Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin represent phenomena which, before World War I, we believed to have been banished from the Western world forever. Now we know that they and their like are something the possibility of which will always face us. The anthropologists' pet theory that customs are the only basis of a moral code is very up to date, but it is also a return to the concept of the tribal god whose rules and regulations are valid only for his chosen people.

This Sunday morning, just before I wrote these lines, my radio, tuned to Tucson's FM station, played an hour of music built around the beat of drums and the thumps of bass viol strings. As I listened to it—and not without pleasure as I am somewhat ashamed to confess—I couldn't help wondering whether I was merely paying reasonable tribute to the dark gods whom it behooves us still to recognize; whether I was a time-trotting tourist in Wyndham Lewis's sense; or whether I was sliding down the spiral toward an African prehistory far more remote than even the caves at Lascaux and was, indeed, experiencing a shock of recognition.

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Twain Worlds of Samuel Clemens

By GRANVILLE HICKS

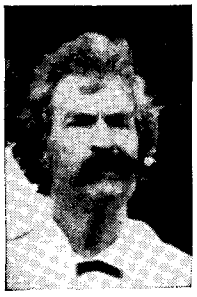
"THERE is probably no American writer about whom critical opinion has been more divided than Mark Twain," Lewis Leary says in his preface to **"Mark Twain's Wound"** (Crowell, paperback, $3.25), and the more than twenty essays and extracts he has brought together show what he means. The case for the negative was most persuasively presented by Van Wyck Brooks in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" (1920), and the most forceful rebuttal came from Bernard DeVoto in "Mark Twain's America" (1932). Between the two extremes lies, as Leary's collection demonstrates, a perplexing variety of opinions.

What one can reasonably assume as one contemplates the mass of conflicting opinions, each with its own plausibility, is that Mark Twain was full of contradictions, and it is this assumption that lies at the heart of the latest contribution to the debate, Henry Nash Smith's **"Mark Twain"** (Harvard University Press, $5.50). Smith, author of "Virgin Land" and co-editor of "Mark Twain-Howells Letters" (*SR*, April 23, 1960), is currently literary editor of the Mark Twain papers, and hence a successor to Bernard DeVoto, but his mood is completely different from DeVoto's. If he sees more virtues in Mark Twain than Brooks saw, his eyes are not closed to faults.

Smith's book is subtitled "The Making of a Writer," and his approach is consistently literary, but his range is not narrow. For instance, he begins by examining Mark Twain's early style, emphasizing the mingling of the vernacular with the conventional literary prose of the period, but he quickly points out that the two styles represent "two ways of viewing the world." Mark Twain had a strong sympathy with the rough-and-ready men of the Mississippi steamboats and the Nevada mines, as well as a fine ear for their speech; but he also felt a powerful desire to get on in the world and to win the respect of the kind of men whose lips were rarely sullied by the vernacular.

The conflict did not diminish as, with "The Innocents Abroad," he became an impressively successful writer. In that book and in "Roughing It," Smith shows, Mark Twain moved, often quite uncomfortably, between the two styles. He would drop into the vernacular to make fun of his own high-flying rhetoric, but he felt compelled to prove that he could, when he wanted to, beat the masters of the elevated style at their own game. What is involved, as Smith says, is not merely a confusion of styles but also a confusion of values.

Smith's scheme calls for a careful examination of certain books rather than a detailed presentation of events in Mark Twain's life, but he does fasten on one incident that helps to make his point. On December 17, 1877, the *Atlantic Monthly* held a dinner in Boston in honor of John Greenleaf Whittier's seventieth birthday, with William Dean Howells as toastmaster and Mark Twain as the principal speaker. The story has often been told, but Smith tells it well and with considerable insight. According to the little fable Mark Twain had concocted, three tramps appeared at the shack of a miner in the Rocky Mountains, representing themselves as Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes—all of whom were present at the dinner. After quoting and misquoting the writers they pretended to be, the three imposters behaved in a more or less scandalous fashion, and departed. It was not a tremendously funny idea, but the speech scarcely warranted the agonies of remorse with which Mark Twain was immediately visited or the stern rebukes administered by the proper newspapers. The question is why Mark Twain was impelled to engage in such a silly game, and the only possible answer is the one Smith gives—that he was unconsciously repudiating the genteel tradition. He was, as Van Wyck Brooks said a long time ago, unwilling to be merely an entertainer, and yet he could not be a serious writer on the terms that his age offered.



Mark Twain

As Smith pursues his analysis, he shows how Mark Twain's conflicts intensified. "A Connecticut Yankee" was written in praise of industrialism and democracy, and yet it revealed both a nostalgia for the agrarian past and a distrust of the masses. Doubts about the democratic dream grew stronger and stronger, until at last Mark Twain was paralyzed by his pessimism. Smith treats this final phase too summarily, but up to this point he has written so cogently that we can accept the validity of his argument even though he has not fully developed it.

It is for the most part the pessimistic Mark Twain that we find in **"Letters from the Earth"** (Harper & Row, $5.95), the latest but certainly not the last collection of material that was left for posthumous publication. The volume was edited by DeVoto in 1939, when he was in charge of the Mark Twain papers, but Clara Clemens objected on the ground that parts of the book "presented a distorted view of her father's ideas and attitudes." Now she has withdrawn her objection, and the volume is being published as DeVoto prepared it, with some additional notes by Henry Nash Smith.

Although much in the book is fragmentary and casual, there are some interesting documents, particularly the eleven letters that give the volume its title. About 1908, according to Albert Bigelow Paine's official biography, Mark Twain began composing a series of letters, supposedly letters that Satan wrote to other archangels on being banished to the earth as punishment for impudence. The basic ideas are familiar enough to readers of "The Mysterious Stranger" and "What Is Man?," but there is a certain freshness in some of Mark Twain's examples of the absurdities of "the damned human race." In particular one is struck by his emphasis on the power of the sexual urge: "the human being, naturally, like the immortals, places sexual intercourse far and away above all other joys—yet he has left it out of his heaven! . . . From youth to middle age all men and all women prize copulation above all other pleasures combined, yet it is actually as I have said: it is not in their heaven; prayer takes its place." And this is the man of whom Smith justly says, "In the fictive world of his later work sexuality has almost no place."

Again and again this new volume confronts us with contradictions, and we realize how wise Smith has been to make inconsistency the central theme of his study. The volume also illustrates the extraordinary unevenness of Mark Twain's work, for if much that it contains has only the mildest sort of interest, there are passages that hit the reader between the eyes. Van Wyck Brooks was right: Mark Twain was in a real and important sense a failure as a man of letters. But, though we may analyze his weaknesses, we must never forget to enjoy and be thankful for what he achieved at his best.

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Using a Plague to Fight a Plague

THE AUTHOR: Although she has the $300 million pesticide industry in an uproar, Rachel Carson refuses to be cast as a tub-thumping, hatchet-wielding female reformer. She loathes personal appearances, has a deep sense of privacy, and still finds it difficult to believe she is a leading public figure.

What drove her to give up her relatively serene existence and accept the penalty of leadership? "For years there has been a steady stream of statements aimed at promoting ever-increasing use of insecticides, but practically nothing has been said about the risks we are running or the trouble we are creating in our world. The other side of the story needed desperately to be told. It is ironic to think that man may determine his own future by something so seemingly trivial as his choice of an insect spray."

After hearing her lecture last year a Washington *Post* reporter suggested that the human race might be less apt to "go out with a nuclear bang than with the hiss of Aerosol bombs." Asked about the relative dangers of the two contaminants, Miss Carson said, "I won't equate the nuclear fallout hazard with that of poisonous insecticides, but I do think they are interrelated, combining to render our environment progressively less fit to live in."

Even before her book came out, agricultural chemical concerns, agitated as a hornet's nest hit by a DDT bomb, had set the wheels of counter-attack into motion. Their scientists analyzed line-by-line *The New Yorker* articles excerpted from the book and published last summer. Meetings were hastily called. Statements were drafted. News releases issued. Thus far no one has been able to refute Miss Carson's facts and case histories painstakingly gleaned during four and one-half years of research.

In the face of all this furor Rachel Carson remains immaculately calm, detached, self-sure. But if her detractors don't faze her, the fan mail does. (A *New Yorker* editor estimated the mail response was probably the largest since John Hersey's "Hiroshima"—"phenomenal!") The Department of Agriculture has been deluged by letters expressing, as one spokesman called it, "horror and amazement." Congressmen Proxmire, Lindsay, and Green read portions of the work into the *Congressional Record.* President Kennedy announced at a recent press conference that the government was taking a closer look at the long-range side effects of pesticides—"particularly, of course, since Miss Carson's book."

Long since retired from government service as a biologist, Rachel Carson yearns to return to nonpolemical nature writing. When she will be able to is entirely dependent upon when her self-imposed duties as public advocate can be shifted to other shoulders. She has agreed to address a few groups this winter, although she dreads public speaking and will probably lose up to thirty pounds during the coming ordeal. (She lost twenty after "The Sea Around Us" came out.)

A young-voiced, gentle lady who has never married or been out of the country, who never saw the sea until she was an adult, and has only been to sea once, Rachel Carson, at fifty-six, has become what she dreaded most: a controversial celebrity. A month before the book's publication fifty-two editorials and twenty columnists had discussed her work. The New York *Times*'s editorial is fairly typical: "Miss Carson will be accused of alarmism . . . of showing only the bad side of pesticides while ignoring their benefits. But this, we suspect, is her purpose as well as her method. . . . If she helps arouse enough public concern to immunize government agencies against the blandishments of the hucksters and enforce adequate controls, the author will be as deserving of the Nobel Prize as was the inventor of DDT."

—MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

"Silent Spring," by Rachel Carson *(Houghton Mifflin. 368 pp. Index. $5), warns that indiscriminate use of chemical pest-killers threatens the existence of our birds, fish, farm animals, and, ultimately, ourselves. Loren Eiseley, professor of anthropology and history of science at the University of Pennsylvania, wrote "The Immense Journey" and other works on natural history.*

By LOREN EISELEY

A FEW days ago I stood amidst the marshes of a well-known wildlife refuge. As I studied a group of herons through my glasses, there floated by the margin of my vision the soapy, unsightly froth of a detergent discharged into the slough's backwaters from some source upstream. Here nature, at first glance, seemed green and uncontaminated. As I left, however, could not help wondering how long it would be before seeping industrial wastes destroyed the water-life on which those birds subsisted—how long it would be before poisonous and vacant mudflats had replaced the chirping frogs and waving cattails I loved to visit. I thought also of a sparkling stream in the Middle West in which, as a small boy, I used to catch sunfish, but which today is a muddy, lifeless treacle filled with oil from a nearby pumping station. No living thing now haunts its polluted waters.

These two episodes out of my own experience are trifling, however, compared with that virulent facet of man's activities treated in Rachel Carson's latest book. It is a devastating, heavily documented, relentless attack upon human carelessness, greed, and irresponsibility—an irresponsibility that has let loose upon man and the countryside a flood of dangerous chemicals in a situation which, as Miss Carson states, is without parallel in medical history. "No one," she adds, "yet knows what the ultimate consequences may be."

"Silent Spring" is her account o those floods of insecticides and well-intentioned protective devices which have indiscriminately slaughtered our wildlife of both forest and stream. Such ill-considered activities break the nec-

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essary food chains of nature and destroy the livelihood of creatures not even directly affected by the pesticides. The water run-off from agricultural and orested areas carries to our major rivers and to the seas chemicals which may then impregnate the food we eat. We have no assurance that we are not introducing into nature heavy concentrates of non-natural substances whose effects are potentially as dangerous as those that came to light in the dramatic medical episode that shocked the public in recent weeks. I refer, of course, to the foetal monsters produced by the sleep drug Thalidomide. Imperfect though the present legal controls in the field of direct medical experiment may be, they are less inadequate than in the domain of agricultural chemistry, where aerial spraying is cascading a rain of poison over field and farmland.

D'Arcy Thompson, the great British biologist of the late nineteenth century, commented astutely in 1897 that the increasing tempo of human cultural evolution produces a kind of evolution of chance itself—an increasing dissonance and complexity of change beyond what one finds in the world before man came. Though this evolution of chance arises within the human domain, it does not long remain confined to it. Instead, the erratic and growingly unpredictable fantasies created in the human mind invade nature itself. Tremendous agricultural productivity is correlated with the insatiable demands of ever-growing populations. Wastes in the air and wastes polluting the continental arteries increasingly disrupt the nature that we have taken for granted since the first simple hunters wandered out of the snowy winter of the Ice Age and learned to live in cities.

Man's sanitary engineering, in western civilization, never amounted to much until the middle phase of the industrial revolution and the discovery of the relation of bacteria to disease. Now it is apparent that man must learn to handle more wisely the products of his own aspiring chemistry. He is faced with the prospect of learning to be a creative god in nature without, at the same time, destroying his surroundings and himself through thoughtless indifference to the old green world out of which he has so recently emerged and to which (though he forgets) he is as indissolubly bound in his own way as the herons that stalked before my field glasses.

Essentially there are two ways of approaching the control of noxious insects: a natural and a chemical means. I am deliberately confining my remarks here, not to the effect of man's accidental industrial wastes upon his environment—a subject worthy of atten-

(*Continued on page* 34)

A Sampler

Excerpts from "Silent Spring"

For each of us, as for the robin in Michigan or the salmon in the Miramichi, this is a problem of ecology, of interrelationships, of interdependence. We poison the caddis flies in a stream and the salmon runs dwindle and die. We poison the gnats in a lake and the poison travels from link to link of the food chain and soon the birds of the lake margins become its victims. We spray our elms and the following springs are silent of robin song, not because we sprayed the robins directly but because the poison traveled, step by step, through the now familiar elm leaf-earthworm-robin cycle. These are matters of record, observable, part of the visible world around us. They reflect the web of life—or death—that scientists know as ecology.

The citizen who wishes to make a fair judgment of the question of wildlife loss is today confronted with a dilemma. On the one hand conservationists and many wildlife biologists assert that the losses have been severe and in some cases even catastrophic. On the other hand the control agencies tend to deny flatly and categorically that such losses have occurred, or that they are of any importance if they have. Which view are we to accept?

The credibility of the witness is of first importance. The professional wildlife biologist on the scene is certainly best qualified to discover and interpret wildlife loss. The entomologist, whose specialty is insects, is not so qualified by training, and is not psychologically disposed to look for undesirable side effects of his control program.

Presumably the weed is taking something from the soil; perhaps it is also contributing something to it. A practical example was provided recently by the parks in a city in Holland. The roses were doing badly. Soil samples showed heavy infestations by tiny nematode worms. Scientists of the Dutch Plant Protection Service did not recommend chemical sprays or soil treatments; instead, they suggested that marigolds be planted among the roses. This plant, which the purist would doubtless consider a weed in any rosebed, releases an excretion from its roots that kills the soil nematodes. The advice was taken; some beds were planted with marigolds, some left without as controls. The results were striking. With the aid of the marigolds the roses flourished; in the control beds they were sickly and drooping. Marigolds are now used in many places for combating nematodes.

The world of systemic insecticides is a weird world, surpassing the imaginings of the brothers Grimm—perhaps most closely akin to the cartoon world of Charles Addams. It is a world where the enchanted forest of the fairy tales has become the poisonous forest in which an insect that chews a leaf or sucks the sap of a plant is doomed. It is a world where a flea bites a dog, and dies because the dog's blood has been made poisonous, where an insect may die from vapors emanating from a plant it has never touched, where a bee may carry poisonous nectar back to its hive and presently produce poisonous honey.

It is not my contention that chemical insecticides must never be used. I do contend that we have put poisonous and biologically potent chemicals indiscriminately into the hands of persons largely or wholly ignorant of their potentials for harm. We have subjected enormous numbers of people to contact with these poisons, without their consent and often without their knowledge. If the Bill of Rights contains no guarantee that a citizen shall be secure against lethal poisons distributed either by private individuals or by public officials, it is surely only because our forefathers, despite their considerable wisdom and foresight, could conceive of no such problem.

I contend, furthermore, that we have allowed these chemicals to be used with little or no advance investigation of their effect on soil, water, wildlife, and man himself. Future generations are unlikely to condone our lack of prudent concern for the integrity of the natural world that supports all life.

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Opening Night at WNDT

NEXT to Telstar, the biggest news in the world of communications this year was the opening last week of a non-commercial television station in the New York metropolitan area (WNDT), serving fifteen million people. The new station was long overdue; sixty-seven American communities were ahead of the New York area in establishing educational TV.

New York's delay was not a matter of indifference or procrastination. The main difficulty was represented by the lack of a broadcasting channel. All the existing VHF channels had been assigned to commercial outlets—without charge—by the Federal Communications Commission, which meant that one had to be bought. This resulted in a monstrous paradox. While commercial TV could get started without the penalty of a massive initiation fee, educational TV had to go through a $7 million wringer and five years of exhausting negotiations just to hang out its shingle.

The negotiations for Channel 13 were complicated by the fact that this was the only commercial TV wave length assigned to the entire state of New Jersey. (New York City alone had six.) Understandably, New Jersey protested—not against the idea of educational television facilities per se, but against the idea that it would be deprived of its only TV channel.

For a time, it appeared that New Jersey's objection might prevent or at least substantially postpone the culmination of the sale. But reasonable men eventually got together and worked out an effective solution. They included Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey; Richard D. Heffner, general manager of the prospective station; and Joseph S. Iseman, counsel for the Metropolitan ETV Board.

For its new president, WNDT was able to engage Samuel B. Gould, former chancellor of the University of California at Santa Barbara. The date set for beginning the regular programming was September 17, with a première the previous evening.

Then the roof fell in. On September 16, only hours before the première, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists went on strike against the new station. It demanded jurisdiction over all those taking part in the television programs, even though these people were teachers or philosophers or writers or non-entertainers in general. Operating a station under these conditions was ludicrous and impossible, and the station management said so. AFTRA threw a picket line around the offices and studio, with the result that engineers, technicians, cameramen, etc., who belonged to unions with which WNDT had contracts, were unavailable for opening night. Dr. Gould and Mr. Heffner decided to go on with the première, even though they would have to postpone the regular programming. They had behind them the encouragement of their nontechnical personnel, from executives and secretaries to office boys, who said they would man all the technical stations.

It was a heroic decision—and it worked. The entire première went off as originally planned, with only one or two operational miscues. Edward R. Murrow was master-of-ceremonies; Newton N. Minow, chairman of the FCC, gave the station a warm send-off; Dr. Gould spoke of the basic purposes of the new enterprise, explaine how it differed from commercial TV, and announced that because of the strike the actual operations of the station were being indefinitely postponed. Other elements in the program consisted largely of a sampling of things to come. Concerning this, more below.

It is not extreme to say that American labor has been given a black eye by the punitive and arrogant action of AFTRA in blocking the opening of non-commercial TV in the metropolitan area. In rejecting AFTRA's demands, Dr. Gould emphasized that it would be impossible to undertake imaginative, varied programming if all the people who appeared before the cameras had to join and pay dues to AFTRA even though they were not professional performers or entertainers.

A labor union, like a government agency or a newspaper or magazine or broadcasting station, operates in the public arena and ought not to be detached from public opinion. We see no reason why citizens who feel strongly about the matter should not make their views known to AFTRA. The public is directly involved and should not hesitate to send telegrams or letters to the head of AFTRA, Mr. Kenneth Groot, at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York. This is not just a matter of concern to metropolitan residents. The entire cause of non-commercial television across the country is affected by what happens to this showcase station.

Concerning the content of WNDT's première: we wish we could report it an artistic success. Unhappily, the program was spotty and, in some instances, poorly conceived and edited. There was an opportunity here to raise a dramatic curtain and provide a glimpse, however brief, of the rich and varied materials which are known to be in the ETV treasury. Much of the material shown, however, was far from impressive. Some of it was in dire need of cutting. Some of it was pretentious, even when the subject was artistic whimsy. Some of it lacked the sense of excitement and newness that people have a right to expect at a première. The evening's program, taken as a whole, lacked balance and luster.

In sum, non-commercial television in New York is off to a slow start. Once the union difficulties are cleared away—and the public has an important role to play in this connection—WNDT will have the opportunity to demonstrate the kind of imaginative flair and professional skill that have long been associated with the talented men who are directing the station. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POW AND COUNTERPOW

WELL, IT HAPPENS to a lot of good men. John Ciardi has left television and joined the hue and cry against it [*SR*, Sept. 1, Sept. 8]. In the transition he has traded in his poet's delicate finger for a blunderbuss; and, pow, we are wounded. Not so much by the accuracy of his charges but by the sadness of another good man gone wrong.

To refute Mr. Ciardi: television quite often can deal with the insights and shadows of serious art. In capsule form, perhaps, and that takes a craftsmanship all its own. Not the slickness of a pro, but the hard work and knowledge and feeling of a writer.

The limitations of television, its commercial aspects, its intramural conflicts, are all too familiar from the thousands of times critics have chewed over them. What I must object to is Mr. Ciardi's paintbrush approach to all television writing. By his own admission he sees very little of television and depends on books for his culture. Perhaps he is even now preparing a piece on the kind of book to be found on drugstore book racks. Now there's a well-rounded subject to put his teeth into.

ALVIN BORETZ.

Woodmere, N.Y.

"I say it's high time we had someone in the White House who wasn't a traitor to his class."

AUTHOR VS. REVIEWER

MAY I COMMENT upon Robert K. Massie's review of my book, "Rebels, Mercenaries, and Dividends: The Katanga Story" [*SR*, Aug. 4]?

Although Mr. Massie obviously disagrees with some of my major premises, I thought his lengthy review was generally fair and lucid. I must take issue, however, when Mr. Massie questions Tshombe's general pro-Western orientation by citing the Katangan president's appeal for help to Gizenga's Stanleyville regime against the Congolese Central Government and the U.N.

The Gizengists obviously posed no immediate threat to Katanga while the Congolese Central Government and the U.N. did. It would be equally ridiculous to infer that the World War II Democratic Administrations were pro-Communist because they allied themselves with Russia against Nazi Germany.

Nor did I, as Mr. Massie implies, attempt to conceal the fact that Tshombe has expressed anti-American sentiments, or that the Katangans themselves committed atrocities, particularly against the Balubas.

Since the U.S., through its direction and support of U.N. policies, has done everything in its power to crush Katanga's secession, it seems to me to be asking rather much to expect Tshombe to be avidly pro-American.

Atrocities, whoever commits them, are an abomination. But the thrust of my point in this matter is not that the Katangans are angels and the Congolese devils, but that the U.N. through its actions encouraged rather than discouraged the committing of such acts.

SMITH HEMPSTONE.

Nairobi, Kenya.

THE TRIAL OF JOAN

IN YOUR MAGAZINE, which takes a long time to reach me, I notice on page 44 [*SR*, June 23] this peculiar use of the phrase "ecclesiastical council" in a review of a book entitled "The Judgements of Joan": "One ecclesiastical council had, in effect, passed judgement on another council no less august, and had convicted the earlier council of a monstrous error."

Would it be excessive to ask your reviewer, Mr. Geoffrey Bruun, to justify his choice of the word "council" here? If an "ecclesiastical council" had anything to do with her trial of condemnation or her trial of vindication, Joan's history needs to be rewritten in the freshness of this new discovery by your reviewer who does not hesitate to say, ". . . Joan was condemned by a council of French ecclesiastics. . . ." This group of ecclesiastics included an English Cardinal, an English Bishop, and several English priests, three of whom became Bishops years before Joan's trial of vindication. In what temper does Mr. Bruun shape his history and his vocabulary?

DANIEL S. RANKIN,
CDR, U.S. Navy.

New York, N.Y.

BY "ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL," I meant a council of ecclesiastics; if the phrase misled your correspondent perhaps he will accept "ecclesiastical tribunal" as a substitute. My reason for saying that Joan was condemned by French ecclesiastics should be clear to anyone who has considered the total personnel (117) of the court that tried her, and the decisive part played by theologians of the University of Paris in the prosecution. The English, for political reasons, wanted Joan convicted by her fellow countrymen, and Cauchon, when assemblying the judges and assessors, went to exceptional trouble to oblige them.

GEOFFREY BRUUN.

Ithica, N.Y.

PIGS IS PIGS

IN READING "For the Teacher Only," the educational methods feature in THE PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Aug. 11], I was shocked that Writer-Educator Bernice Black listed the literary classic "Pigs Is Pigs" as enrichment reading in her otherwise stimulating plan for teaching "Three Little Pigs."

These literary pigs are barnyard hogs, apparently some kind of *Sus scrofa*—Yorkshire, Berkshire, Chester, Duroc-Jersey, or whatever. But the "pigs" in the epic "Pigs Is Pigs" aren't hogs at all. Memory of my own long-ago enrichment reading suggests these rapidly-multiplying "pigs" are guinea pigs or cavies, as *Cavia cobaya*.

This biological confusion, when and if detected by Miss Black's bemused pupils, could not only affect their academic development adversely, with probable side effects on stability of personality, but undermine their faith in modern education.

FRED NORA.

Berkeley, Calif.

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SR's Annual

Fall Book Issue

The Do-Good Fil

OUR movie makers are so frequently beaten over the head for their antisocial attitudes that whenever a picture or two comes along that stresses positive values, one is tempted to send off reconciliatory bouquets to all concerned—particularly since, as every critic knows, such films are far more risky, far more difficult to sell than a sexy comedy or a bloody melodrama. It means that someone was willing to take a chance in an industry that prefers to minimize chances. This makes it all the sadder when, ultimately, the bouquets must be withheld.

In **"Hero's Island,"** for example, Leslie Stevens had the estimable notion of dramatizing a little-known and infrequently explored area of American history: the lives of indentured servants who found freedom in the pre-Revolutionary colonies. From such material, he feels, family entertainments can be drawn that not only amuse but inform, and create a vivid awareness of our cultural heritage. So far, so good; the motives are unimpeachable. But a curious, and perhaps inevitable, quality pervades the telling. To give heroic stature to the central characters—notably, a young widow (Kate Manx) and a semireformed pirate (James Mason)—Stevens makes of them one-dimensional compendia of all the virtues. As a result, one rarely has the feeling that he is seeing either living history or living people. Not even the decidedly gory action sequences that stud the picture can quite eliminate the sense of earnest textbook-like re-creation rather than excited creativity.

Or consider **"The Reluctant Saint,"** a far more ambitious film based on the life of Saint Giuseppe. Since the lives of the saints have never been turned into resounding box-office hits, presumably Edward Dmytryk, the director and coproducer, felt that he could make some important cultural contribution in bringing to our attention the single-minded faith of a simple-minded peasant in seventeenth-century Italy. But again the very earnestness of the attempt militates against the credibility of the character. One can believe easily enough in Giuseppe's simple-mindedness (indeed, as portrayed by Maximillian Schell, he emerges a village idiot). What is difficult to accept, in these sophisticated times, is the Church's willingness to elevate to the priesthood such an obvious dolt. Or, for that matter, the levitations that earned Giuseppe his sainthood. The final shot, which shows him being held down like a captive balloon in a priestly procession, is as hilarious as any scene from a Laurel and Hardy two-reeler. In fact, between the levitations, Akim Tamiroff's broad portrayal of an Archbishop, and a style of acting that I had thought departed with the late Lon Chaney, "The Reluctant Saint" comes perilously close to being the first anti-Church comedy. Taken at face value, however, it is merely embarrassingly inept.

More fundamentally, both pictures point to a common danger in the attempt to capture history, or a historical figure, on the screen. Too often, there is a draining away of the juices of humanity, a diluting of the richness that made them memorable in the first place. The approach is respectful, even reverent—qualities which, while admirable in themselves, become dramatically false when one recognizes that the camera invariably conveys a sense of contemporaneity; and that by their contemporaries, the subjects of these films were rarely either respected or revered Worst of all, the makers of pictures that purvey enlightenment of one sort or another have an overwhelming tendency to turn (and remain) serious. As G. K. Chesterton once observed, "Satan fell by the force of gravity"—and so, alas, do these films.

In this regard, pictures that reflect contemporary society, whatever their other faults, tend to come out a good deal ahead. Rarely is an author completely in awe of his subject, or of his characters; after all, he can mold them to his design. The new French film **"Cleo from 5 to 7"** strikes me as a forcible reminder of this. When Hollis Alpert wrote of it some weeks ago (*SR*, August 4), he reviewed it primarily in terms of an experiment in consecutive story telling, which of course it is. But it is also, I found on a recent viewing, a good deal more. In vain, foolish, attractive Cleo, forced into a sudden awareness of the imminence of death, I found an important parable for our time—a microcosmic world whose extensions are implied by her brief, decisive encounter with a soldier who also faces death. The tone of the film is light, even frivolous; but Agnes Varda has flooded every frame of it with implications that demand a deeper response. And her people, neither saints nor heroes, have the overwhelming virture of being real.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Puberty and Politics

NEW YORK STATE Republican and Democratic parties will survive having failed to get their recent nominating conventions on educational television—but the ten-year-old state law which blacked them out is a hangover from the McCarthy era and ought to go.

For familiar reasons, commercial television stations did not carry the minor-league political shows in New York, and the law (passed during the administration of Governor Thomas E. Dewey) prohibits all educational channels in New York from being used for "partisan political purposes." Acting under this legislative anachronism, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., the state's commissioner of education, had no choice but to turn down requests that the nominating conventions—Republicans in Buffalo and Democrats in Syracuse—be carried live by two upstate educational television stations.

Other factors influenced the commissioner's reluctant decision. The Buffalo station (WNED-TV, Channel) could have carried the Republican convention in the city and probably relayed it to the new station operated by the Mohawk-Hudson Council on Educational Television in the Albany-Schenectady area. The Democrats, however, met in Syracuse. This city has no educational outlet of its own. Lines to Buffalo might have been obtained, but there was no money to pay for them and no time in which to make preparations. The Republicans could hardly be shown to Buffalo-Albany-Schenectady voters without the Democrats being shown as well.

Educators feel, too, that some sort of an interpretive screen must be thrown up between the political event and the television viewer in order to make it educationally valid. A political scientist, perhaps, should explain things as they unfold—just as network television reporters attempt to sort out and evaluate significant points in the national conventions. But New York State's educational television apparatus is not geared for such activity—despite the fact that ten years ago, when noncommercial television was hardly more than a campus conception, New York as one of the first states to ask the CC for channel allocations.

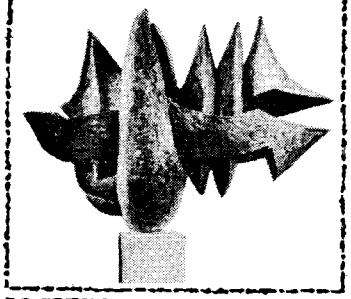
Ten channels were acquired and the commissioner sought funds from the legislature and Governor Dewey to set up the stations. The Dewey administration was cold to educational television. It was all new, untried, and politically troublesome. McCarthy was hunting Communists, and even schools were suspect; no money came forth, particularly since the public, unawakened to educational television's potential, showed little interest in the fledgling. The best the educators could get was a law authorizing the Board of Regents to charter local groups around the state that wished to raise funds for educational television.

Written into that law was the prohibition against use of such stations for partisan political purposes. It was not only the McCarthy climate; it was the fear of politicians that the educators might use the stations to pressure the legislature for funds. The politicians may also have sensed the enormous vote-making power of the developing medium and foreseen their questionable ability to control it. The educators, according to Dr. Allen, thought they could handle politics on their television channels without the law's restriction, but they have made no effort these past ten years to get the law modified. Time ticks slowly on the campus clock.

Now 1962 arrives, and with it the state nominating conventions. Educational television is burgeoning everywhere; so the politicians—denied access to commercial television — come to the door they closed with their own timid hands, and on it they find their own NO ENTRANCE sign. Gentlemen, isn't it time to take it down? Educational television has reached puberty; it should be given its manhood.

The public has moved along, too. As if by habit, a New York State legislative committee last year cut, drastically, appropriations for educational television. There was a howl from sources purported to be the people; and the cuts were rapidly restored. The New York law certainly needs to be reexamined and modified. And such enlightened action would help show the way to other states which have similar restrictions. Surely the time has come when the educators must be trusted to use television respectably to show the facts of political life on scholarly screens. The New York law says educational television shall broadcast only educational and cultural programs. Perhaps politics is short on culture; but educational?—always.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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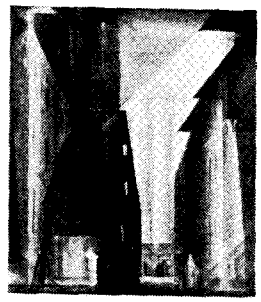

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Chicago's New Architecture

CHICAGO, cradle of modern architecture in America, is faltering these days. Despite an unprecedented wave of construction, only one man remains to provide the illustrious leadership that earlier made Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, John Root, and that pioneer city planner, Daniel Burnham, potent international figures. This man, of course, is Mies van der Rohe. One can only regret that no public project yet completed has fully benefited from his matchless vision.

True, the Illinois Institute of Technology campus was planned by Mies who in turn designed several of its new buildings, at least one of which, I predict, will occupy as secure a niche in history as Sullivan's renowned Carson Pirie Scott and Company. I refer to Crown Hall, a building that appropriately houses the department of architecture in a structure of consummate refinement and flawless proportions. Unfortunately, in recent years a changed administration at the school has allowed a potpourri of architects to replace Mies and, in most cases, to put up second-rate imitations of his work. Gone is his precision, his uncompromising purity, his mastery of space. Gone also is the possibility of a unified project by one of the twentieth century's greatest architects, a project that could have been a landmark in Chicago's history.

Recently Sullivan's Garrick Theatre was torn down to make room for a parking garage. Though this building

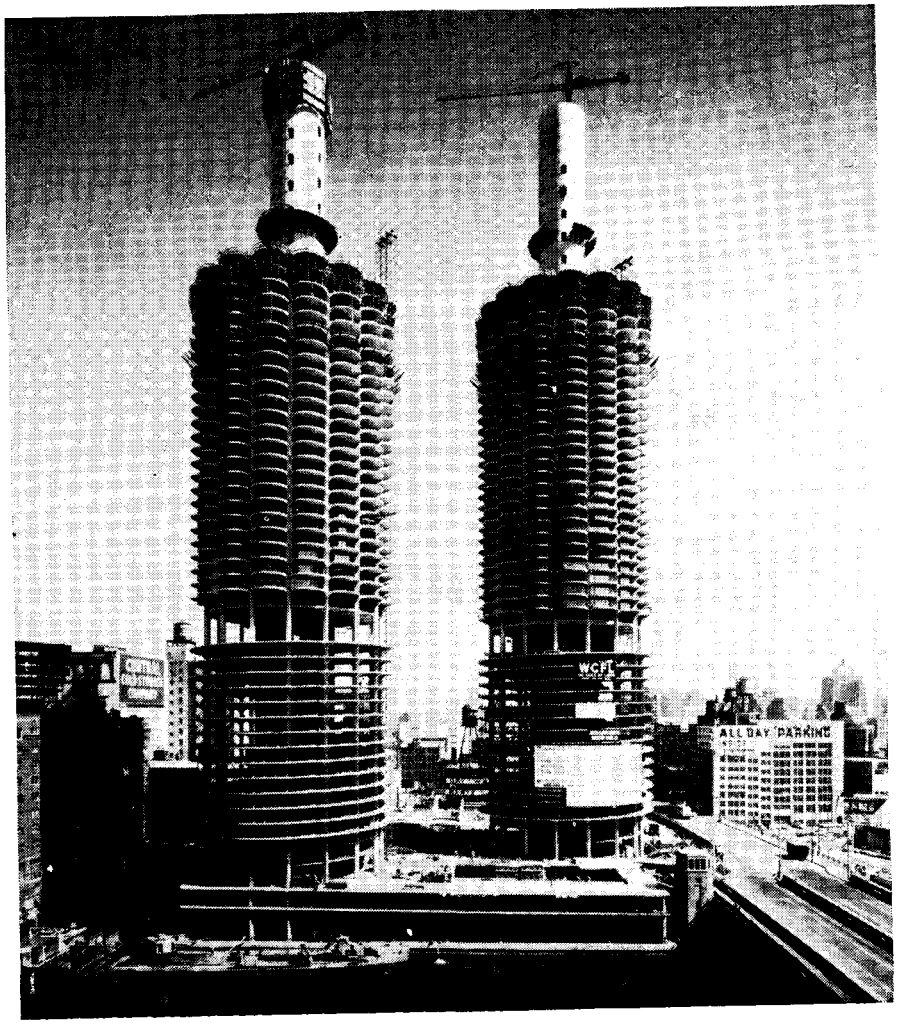
—*Museum of Modern Art*

Carson Pirie Scott and Company.

was not one of Sullivan's masterpieces, still its loss is serious in a city where too often architecture is becoming insensitive and inhuman.

Take, for example, a new shopping center in the nearby suburb of Mount Prospect. Called Randhurst Center and designed by Victor Gruen, this $21 million project is interesting for only one reason. It is the largest shopping center in the world under a single roof, thus reducing distances to a minimum and allowing comfortable access to its fifty-odd stores at all times. Though the basic plan is admirable, the architecture is nonetheless deplorable. The huge structure lacks any semblance of cohesion, each unit having been designed as a separate, garish entity. The whole effect suggests a temporary fair where innumerable vulgar details compete for attention.

IN ADDITION, Randhurst Center officals advertise that they commissioned sculpture "from some of the most famous artists in America." Nothing could be further from the truth. Spotted around interior malls are imitative "modernistic" works by sculptors from California and Illinois (why not from the rest of the country is puzzling), none of whom has or, from evidence here, deserves a national reputation. $100,000 was allotted to the fine arts, a pitifully small sum compared to the overall $21 million budget, and even more pitiful when one realizes that a considerable share was earmarked for plumbing in three undistinguished



Marina City, Chicago, under construction.

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fountains. This time, economy turned into extravagance. How much wiser to have spent the entire $100,000 on a single splendid work of art.

Not far from Randhurst Center is O'Hare Field, Chicago's huge new airport. Simple, dignified, decent, it is unfortunately also inhuman, uninteresting, and uncomfortable. Somehow the two vast horizontal main buildings set in the vast horizontal plains of Illinois become monotonous. I found myself searching for at least one soaring intimation that this compound was related to the idea of flight. Perhaps the round restaurant area, which when completed will join the two buildings, may give some relief from endlessly long corridors and antiseptic functionalism, the latter belied by the marathon distances that arriving and departing passengers must cover by foot.

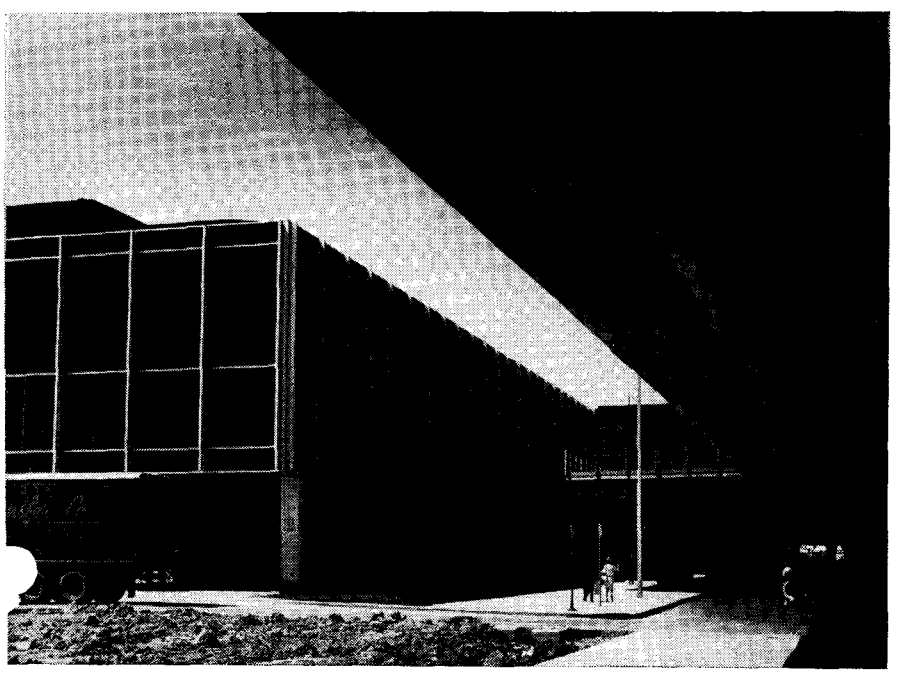
If O'Hare is overbarren, Marina City, Chicago's twin apartment buildings going up on the river bank, is precisely the opposite. Here, exterior scalloped edges and variegated surfaces turn a good idea into unduly romantic exhibitionism. And yet these two round towers, thrusting up to dominate Chicago's profile, are impressive, if only for their sheer magnitude and daring. The backers of Marina City claim that "for the first time in [illegible]y years the exodus of Chicago's central population toward the suburbs will be reversed by bringing 900 families to live within two blocks of the Loop." The towers, each constructed around a central utility core, are the world's tallest apartment buildings and as such provide spectacular views of city, lake, and river. Though this type of construction is publicized as economical, and though all individual apartments have outdoor balconies, rents seem extremely high in relation to living space. Rooms are cramped, and interior walls are awkwardly semidiagonal due to radial planning. Indoor comfort and spacial beauty are sacrificed to idiosyncratic designing.

One must agree, too, with Crombie Taylor, Chicago architect and newly appointed Associate Dean at the University of Southern California, who warned recently, "Chicago still has its most valuable asset, a lake front, which, however, is being nibbled away by the construction of ungainly skyscrapers, like the Prudential building, and by ugly civic institutions, such as McCormick Place and the two wings of the Art Institute. If the city does not bar construction over the railroad air rights near Lake Michigan, its lake front, the dominant element of the magnificent Burnham Plan of 1907, will vanish forever."

As FOR McCormick Place—this gigantic convention hall is a disaster, its superb location on Lake Michigan nullified by inert and unfeeling architecture. The same can be said of the Art Institute's two wings. Here, disappointment is even keener since one has reason to expect more exacting standards from a leading American art museum. The new Morton Wing, about to open next month, suggests a security cell block in a model prison, its heavy masonry stubbornly blocking the great sweep of Michigan Avenue. A sister wing, built earlier, is equally unfortunate, though at least it has been spared the irrelevant modern cliché of a glass enclosed link lacking any visible relationship to the two buildings it connects.

Yet for all its ugliness and sprawling brashness, Chicago remains a city of such unlimited power, intensity, imagination, and excitement, of such prolific dimensions and heedless profligacy, that no other metropolitan center in the world quite compares. At once sensitive and brutal, provincial and worldly, revolutionary and backward, its architecture of the past century becomes the key to a personality so overwhelming as to be unforgettable.

—Katharine Kuh.



Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

In October Don't Miss:

Mark Tobey at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. This exhibition by an eminent and internationally acclaimed American painter includes 135 important works and concentrates on the past two decades.

Modern Sculpture from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Collection at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. More than 400 sculptures comprise a major part of a major collection. Opens October 3.

Masters of Genoese Painting at the Dayton (Ohio) Art Institute. An ambitious exhibition covers paintings produced in and near Genoa from 1550 to 1750 when a distinguished school of art flourished in that city. Opens in mid-October.

Louis E. Stern Collection at the Brooklyn Museum. Paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints, and books from the late Louis E. Stern's notable modern collection are seen in their first public showing. Some Oriental and primitive art is also included.

The Vision of René Magritte at the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. A retrospective exhibition, covering forty years of the Belgian surrealist's life, features well over 100 works. Closes October 14.

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The Sins of Silence

"Washington Cover-up: How Bureaucratic Secrecy Promotes Corruption and Waste in the Federal Government," by Clark R. Mollenhoff *(Doubleday. 239 pp. $4.50), scores the Eisenhower Administration in particular for the Executive curtain that has been blocking the investigations of Congressional committees. Louis W. Koenig wrote "The Invisible Presidency."*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF, distinguished Washington correspondent for the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, is an angry man. He is aroused by the increasing tendency of our national Executive officials to cover up their mistakes and grosser sins by refusing to testify or divulge documents to Congressional committees. Since information is the very stuff of democratic discussion, the phenomenon of Executive secrecy, especially its recent display, is viewed as a formidable threat to nothing less than our entire system of government. Over the past decade Mollenhoff has made exposure of creeping Executive secrecy his own personal crusade, of which his new book is the latest phase.

The right or power of the Executive to withhold information from Congress is one of those gray areas on which the Constitution is silent and the Judiciary has said precious little. How much the Executive will tell Congress has been left largely to the maneuvers and accommodations of the two branches. Not surprisingly, some rousing fireworks have erupted in various Presidential administrations from Washington on.

What particularly troubles Mr. Mollenhoff and drives him to write his book is that in the Truman Administration, and even more so in the Eisenhower years, the Executive was drawing a curtain around an ever larger area of its activities against scrutiny by Congress, the press, or the public. So sweeping was the secrecy formula of the Eisenhower Administration, the author contends, that such earlier investigations as those into Teapot Dome and the Truman tax scandals would have been hopelessly hamstrung by it. The unprecedented Eisenhower pattern was set in a letter of May 17, 1954, sealing the lips of Defense Department employees who might be called in the Army-McCarthy hearings then in progress. The significance of the May 17 letter did not end there. Seventeen departments and agencies subsequently used the letter to justify their withholding of information from Congress in widely varying situations, even though the terms of the letter clearly limited its applicability to the McCarthy hearings.

Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas was among the victims of some monstrous stretching of the May 17 letter when he attempted to investigate the relaxation of controls over East-West trade in the Eisenhower Administration. Immediately upon opening his hearings on the subject, McClellan ran into a stone wall of silence from officials of the State, Defense, and Commerce Departments and the Foreign Operations Administration. Their justification was the usual one: the President's letter of May 17, 1954. Soon after suffering this rebuff, McClellan discovered that the very information that had been denied to his committee was given by Eisenhower officials to Robert J. Donovan of the New York *Herald Tribune* for use in his book, "The Inside Story," an account of the Eisenhower Administration.

Mollenhoff well describes the frustrations encountered by the General Accounting Office, Congress's watchdog, in attempting to assert its traditional supervision over military and foreign aid expenditures. Equally effective is the account of the Eisenhower Administration's agile exertions to ke the lid on the Sherman Adams-Berna Goldfine entanglements and Adolphe Wenzell's irregular role in the negotiation of the Dixon-Yates contract. Ironically, the high secrecy of his Presidential Administration was anything but foreshadowed in Eisenhower's candidacy for office. Candidate Eisenhower pledged that in a future Administration over which he might preside, "we must take the people into our confidence and thereby restore their confidence in government. We will keep the people informed because an informed people is the keystone in the arch of free government." It should be added that the author attributes the ultra-secrecy of the Eisenhower Administration not so much to the President's personal inclinations as to the staff on which he so heavily depended.

Clark Mollenhoff—a personal crusade.

Giving a special vitality and readability to this book is its account of the author's own involvements over the past decade as a David battling the Goliath of bureaucratic secrecy, although with something less than the success of the Biblical hero. Some of Mollenhoff's liveliest pages recount his efforts to bring the Adams and Wenzell doings into the open. His pointe queries at Presidential press conferences miffed and exasperated Eisenhower. He tirelesly badgered White House counsels and Attorneys General through smoke screens of bureaucratic mumbo jumbo. He labored mightily, although he feels in vain, to alert Speaker Rayburn and Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson to the whole peril of Executive secrecy as he envisioned it.

Since Mr. Mollenhoff is an advocate presenting a case in this book, he does not acknowledge that there is another side to the argument. It is simply that Executive secrecy is often well justified, that some members of Congress cannot be trusted with secrets of state. National security, the progress of diplomatic negotiations, the rights of the government employee to the amenities of due process of law can be sadly damaged by opportunistic Congressional politicians hell-bent on advancing their own careers.

How is the Kennedy Administration faring by Mollenhoff's standards? It has made, he finds, "a wobbly start" by falling back upon some of the tactics of previous Presidencies. On the credit side for the current Administration however, let it be noted, is President Kennedy's own inestimable good sense in appointing Clark Mollenhoff to a three-year term on the United States Advisory Commission on Information.

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FICTION

Folksy Affairs of State

"A Shade of Difference," by Allen Drury *(Doubleday. 624 pp. $6.95), transports President Hudson, Senator Cooley, and others from "Advise and Consent" into a tumultuous future, when they must parry efforts in the U.N.'s General Assembly to have the United States censured for failure to end racial discrimination. Richard Gilman, the drama critic of The Commonweal, also writes on literary and cultural subjects for numerous publications.*

By RICHARD GILMAN

WHEN we can afford it we will have popular fiction reviewed by committees, each composed of a literary critic, a psychiatrist, and a sociologist, with the occasional addition of a political commentator. In the case of Allen Drury, the first expert would have almost nothing to do, the second would be rather busy, and the others would have their hands full.

If the style is the man, Mr. Drury's existence is in serious doubt, unless the massive piling-up of clichés, redundancies, verbal imprecisions, and rhetorical ineptitudes can be said to constitute a style. He is a much worse writer than, say, Taylor Caldwell or Irving Wallace, yet he is somehow readable by the ordinarily intelligent and sophisticated reader as they are not. That is why the questions his work raises are to be referred to the social scientists on our much-needed board.

Drury's new novel is every bit as elephantine as "Advise and Consent" and just as dependent for its effect on the illusion it provides of participation in momentous affairs of state. It is about the U.N., more specifically about an attempt by the Soviet and African blocs to have the General Assembly censure the United States for our failure to end racial discrimination, the action taking place in the future and the American members of the cast being largely recruited from the previous novel—President Hudson, Senator Cooley, Majority Leader Munson, *et al.*

There is little point in delineating the plot, which as a matter of low virtuosity and manipulatory adroitness accomplishes what it sets out to do.

Allen Drury—"The word 'decency' occurs at least 200 times."

But what does need comment is the fact that, despite the graceless prose, the narrow Philistine sensibility, and the ponderous underscoring of a few profoundly conventional ideas, one does, reluctantly, read on. And that is clearly due to Mr. Drury's capacity to titillate his readers with a thousand intimate details of high political life and, above all, with a sense of being taken behind doors that are ordinarily tightly closed.

In an age when the individual feels especially oppressed by the vastness and impersonality of government, it is a psychic relief to see it humanized, to look on while the President scratches his knee and a Senator twits the Indian Ambassador. That Mr. Drury's idea of human behavior and speech is relentlessly folksy or penny-dreadful (the Secretary of State to his wife: "How is this sad old world ever going to work its way out of the tangle it's gotten itself into?" A Russian diplomat to his American counterpart: "Your blood be on your own heads, Americans!") only demonstrates the democratic intention of his therapy.

THE xenophobic and provincial will also find a related strain of Mr. Drury's response to the world reassuring. In "A Shade of Difference" modern art is "garish, fried-egg," pianists are "mop-haired," intellectuals are "unwashed unfortunates from the Village," and African political leaders are all "race-sick." Indeed the real essence of the novel is the vertigo induced by an era of increasing political and social complexity and the attempt to combat it with a flaccid, sentimental, antiquarian call to simple virtues.

The word "decency" occurs at least 200 times. One can only say that no significant novel has ever been written about such an amorphous concept, and that in any case, for all the verisimilitude of his political figures and knowledgeability about international hanky-panky, for all his hatred of the "enemy" yet simultaneous call for decency, Mr. Drury is at a loss to tell us what it means or how we are to possess it. "A Shade of Difference" achieves the peculiar condition of being both too windily abstract and too cloyingly detailed for any kind of credibility.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ANAGRAMS AGAIN

If you like plain old anagrams, then there's nothing like plain old anagrams. C. T. Robinson of Weston, Connecticut, submits a dozen of them. You simply turn each word offered into a second word composed of the same letters which is defined alongside. (Example: HUSTLES. Detectives. SLEUTHS.) Answers on page 33.

1. MATINEE. Dress fabric.
2. OPPUGN. Child's toy.
3. CANISTER. More meager.
4. ESOTERIC. Groups of friends.
5. ADHERENT. Unmounted cowboy.
6. TENTACLES. Hidden from view.
7. EOLITHS. Inimical.
8. ITERATES. Pacts.
9. CIGARETS. Unpolished.
10. ALTERING. Entirely whole.
11. RELATION. Asian.
12. NEOTERIC. Structure.

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Last Call of the Wild

"Moontrap," by Don Berry *(Viking. 339 pp. $4.95), tells of two mountain men in the Oregon of 1850 who are unable to yield to the demands of encroaching civilization. Robert L. Perkin is book editor of the Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

GOOD fictional literature of the American mountain men is scant, rather curiously so in view of the heroic and mythic nature of these lonely, violently self-sufficient individualists who, quite probably, were the last really free men in our society. One thinks of Harvey Fergusson's "Wolf Song," Guthrie's "The Big Sky," Forrester Blake's "Johnny Christmas" and its sequel, "Wilderness Passage," Frederick Manfred's "Lord Grizzly," and Don Berry's "Trask." And not much more. To this slim shelf we can now add, with gratitude, Berry's new novel, "Moontrap."

Not the least of the freedoms enjoyed by the mountain man was a large measure of freedom from desires, those supreme tyrants over the human spirit; and it is a deep and sensitive appreciation of these tyrannies that gives "Moontrap" fiber and substance. The price society exacts for itself is nearly always, for better or worse, a further compromise of absolute individual freedoms. Sometimes society pays off the sacrificer in false coin. The mountain man often refused or was unable to accept the privilege of compromise, and so, simply and with dignity, he "went under." His passing has the elements of classic legend.

Essentially, "Moontrap" is the tragedy of two men, one old, one young, who wouldn't have made it anyway. Old Webb uncompromisingly rejects everything he sees in the "dunghead" civilization of the Willamette Valley of Oregon in 1850. He spits his contempt on the whole business; it "goes agai nature." A wild old man, all sinew an bone, Webb wears a pair of Piegan scalps dangling from a headband under his floppy hat. He took them in exchange for his own. His skull, gray-blue, is bare and exposed under the hat and a matter of great clinical interest to the female doctor-lady out from Oregon City. Yet Webb is also a man so innocent that he apologizes with formal ritual to the spirit of the deer he slays because he must waste part of the meat her body offers him for his survival. And on the night of the hunters, when he is the quarry, he takes time to build a trap to catch the moon in still waters.

YOUNG Johnson Monday tries to go with the tide of the new era, to "float along with the surface, say the expected things," and stay out of trouble. He almost succeeds in reaching a dark, broken-spirited balance with the hypocrisy, bigotry, and cruelty of the right-minded pioneers who are building Oregon around him. But when a vindictive civilization takes from him his Shoshone wife and their first-born, there's no other way but to seek ou Old Webb and join him again on th mountain, hunter and hunted and both doomed.

Joe Meek is better equipped for the new society. He has learned the civilized man's art of being several men. (Meek is one of a half-dozen historic persons who have roles in Berry's very real tale; on the Fourth of July, 1850, he is marshal in Oregon City.) "Meek's got friends. Marshal's got no friends." Joe makes it, although not without a stratagem appropriate to a fur brigader.

Berry works out the pattern with a full, level, unstrained consciousness of its elemental implications. He is still the splendid storyteller he was in "Trask," but his feeling for wilderness and for the mystique of the mountain man has deepened, and "Moontrap" is a better book. It is somber, broodingly beautiful, and sometimes almost painfully compelling, with its mixture of rough horseplay humor, lyric romance, and the harshest kinds of reality, a mixture, one supposes, that the mountain man knew on every hand before the pioneers came.

Yes, Old Webb shot the Reverend Andrews after his obscene sermon of hate. Put a hole in his right-thinkin gut the size of a punkin and then took off to see the ocean and die. No question but that the old man did it. As Joe Meek said, there wasn't another man in 1,000 miles that'd take the scalp.

"Come off it, Ellen, we're just going over our lines for the Little Theatre Group."

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Ship of Dreams

"The Edge of the Alphabet," by Janet Frame *(Braziller. 303 pp. $4.95), portrays four lonely innocents adrift in a limbo between illusion and reality. William Peden teaches English at the University of Missouri.*

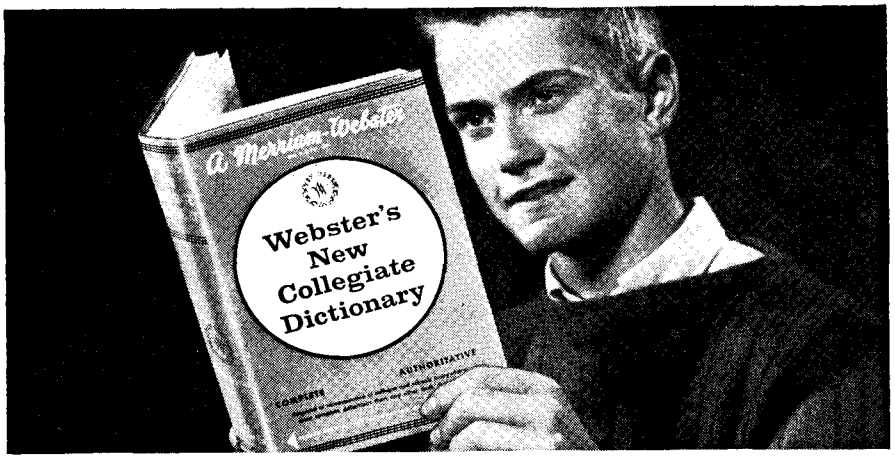
By WILLIAM PEDEN

THE PROTAGONIST of Janet Frame's third novel, Toby Withers, is a thirty-five-year-old epileptic tormented with the desire to go overseas ("there is an affliction of dream called *overseas*") and become an author. As a child in Waimaru, New Zealand, Toby had written a composition on "The Lost Tribe"; as a lonely, childlike man, incomplete as a "house with one wall torn away," he is obsessed with turning the essay into a book. Years after the death of his mother, who had protected him from the scorn of the adult world, the first of Toby's dreams comes true. En route to England aboard Miss Frame's version of the ship of fools, Toby meets two bemused exiles: Zoe Bryce, onetime schoolteacher from the English Midlands, and garrulous Irishman Pat Keenan, master of the bromide and fear-ridden defender of the status quo.

The author filters the history of these three refugees from reality through the consciousness of another stumbling dreamer, Thora Pattern, "Ruined I." Toby and Pat, Zoe and Thora, are all of them adrift in a limbo between illusion and reality which Thora calls "the edge of the alphabet," where "words crumble" and communication is useless.

Miss Frame, a New Zealander whose previous novels include "Faces in the Water," a depiction of mental illness, creates this limbo with skill, understanding, and compassion. Toby is a remarkable achievement; armed only with the ingenuous innocence of childishness, he is appealing rather than grotesque, and as convincing as a sudden cry for help from a burning building. The same can be said for poor Zoe Bryce, whose only crime is her virginity. That the dreams of these two lonely innocents will never be realized is a foregone conclusion: Toby never writes his book on "The Lost Tribe," and no Prince Charming appears for Zoe.

Few novelists since Joyce—Miss Frame's indebtedness to him is considerable—have so successfully portrayed the world of dreams and illusions. Throughout "The Edge of the Alphabet" she maintains a remarkable balance between the comic and the serious, the commonplace and the bizarre.



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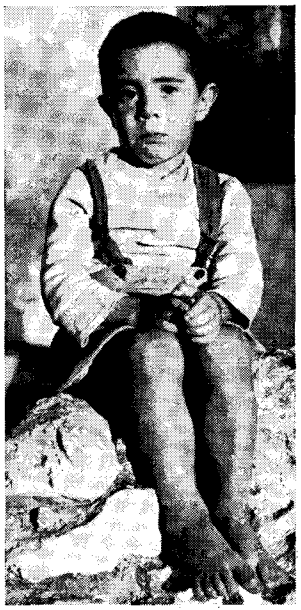

Peter was sent to live with relatives last year because his family was unable to provide for him. But his parents could not bear the separation and now Peter is back home. The 6-year-old Greek boy faces winter without the clothes he needs. But Peter never complains. He knows that his parents cannot afford to buy him any clothing.

Peter's father is a good fisherman but has no boat. He works seasonally as a day laborer. His mother hires out as a field hand. Their combined earnings are $17 a month. Peter's parents endure many supperless nights in order to give Peter and his three brothers a little more to eat.

XPEIAZETAI BOHOEIA*

If you gave Peter and his family food, they would be able to eat for a week, perhaps a month, and then be hungry again and in need of more help. But if you helped Peter and his family buy a small boat, the family would soon have food to eat and income from the sale of the fish with which to buy clothing and other necessities.

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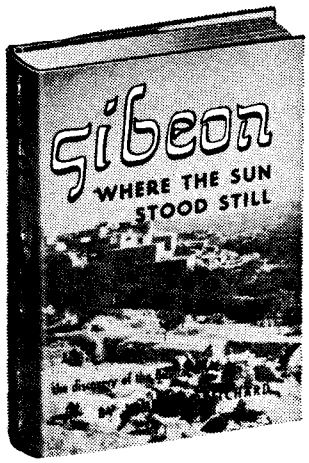

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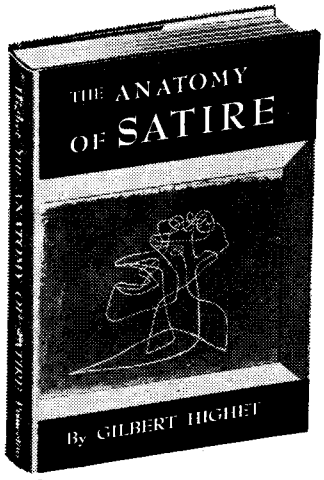

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Military vs. Executive

"Seven Days in May," by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II *(Harper & Row. 341 pp. $4.95), asks whether a military junta might not connive in North America as well as South. W. G. Rogers is a syndicated writer for the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By W. G. ROGERS

JORDAN LYMAN, President of the United States, has just signed an end-to-the-bomb treaty with Russia. To get the time of this novel straight, there were Kennedy, then Frazier, and now Lyman, so it's the early 1970s or, to put it another way, a decade before "1984."

Whether because of the treaty, or strikes, or other troubles, the President's popularity according to the polls has hit a record low of 29 per cent, so low that "popularity" hardly seems the word for it. With a small group of top brass in the armed services, it's not the word at all. The big shots in uniform think the country is being betrayed, and they have found sympathizers, among them Senator Prentice from a state with a lot of fat army contracts, and also a rabble-rousing television orator.

Against this background, Marine Colonel Casey, Joint Staff director, takes over his Sunday stint at the Pentagon. It's the first of title's "Seven Days." For no good reason Casey feels some uneasiness, but before many hours pass, good reasons abound:

A communications officer reveals messages mysteriously resembling horse-racing dope sent through the code room by Chairman General Scott of the Joint Chiefs of Staff;

A friend mentions a base that Casey, incomprehensibly, never heard of;

A practice alert scheduled for Saturday is supposed to be highly secret but it has been leaked to Prentice;

During the alert, the President will be isolated in a deep dugout, while the Vice President will be out of touch in a remote Italian village.

Then it gets fishier: Scott lies to Casey, Prentice voices an odd hint, a Fascist-minded officer appears unaccountably. Adding this and that and coming out he is afraid to guess where, Casey in desperation calls a friend of Lyman's and says he must see the President personally, alone and at once.

So they're headed for a crisis which, developing with inexorably mounting tension, moves through secret confabs, undercover missions, death, spying, kidnaping, and assignation to a dramatic confrontation right in the White House. The authors, Washington newsmen, are in effect wondering whether after all it can happen here, whether we could have our General Salan, whether generals' juntas can't connive in North America as well as South.

There is a clumsy passage or two. But mostly the story line is handled with enviable skill to produce the maximum of shivers. You'll find this one of the hardest-to-put-down books you've picked up in a long time.

DEPOSED SAHIB: John Masters is a craftsman, not an artist—a storyteller, not a creator. One reads his books for the pure pleasure of following the trail, of watching the plot lines furled and unfurled. At his best, usually in describing moments of high crisis—a wounded man escaping across wild country, or a hurricane-haunted chase after a pregnant woman about to give birth and otherwise unattended—Masters reaches levels comparable to those attained by, say, Paul Bowles. Stylistically, however, Masters is simply competent; and he does not try for more. Nor does he attempt serious characterization, or search for significance; his characters could not be full-dimensional in the quick-paced sequences he designs for them. Consistency does not matter; the important thing is to drive forward, to keep the reader gripped, interested, absorbed, and, ultimately, entertained. These are the goals of light fiction, and Masters attains them with a sure hand.

"To the Coral Strand" (Harper & Row, $4.95) brings back Rodney Savage, hero of the author's first and best book, "Bhowani Junction." He is no longer Sahib Savage, no longer an Indian Army officer, but a solitary Englishman in love with an India that time and the end of the British *raj* have denied him. Despite the immense, sometimes incredible ease with which he can still manipulate India and Indians both, neither the country nor its people will accept him. Assorted beautiful ladies, tiger and leopard hunts, battle scenes, and the like, keep his defeats from troubling the reader very badly, and true love wins in the end, phoenix-like. Names and places flow by and around, all either very exotic or very English. What counts in this story is the rushing flow of artificial time, hurrying forever through a make-believe world real enough to be absorbing but never real enough to disturb anyone's peaceful dreams. There has always been a place, and a need, for such fiction; I assume there always will be.

—BURTON RAFFEL.

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The Habit of Hating

"Changing Patterns of Prejudice: A New Look at Today's Racial, Religious, and Cultural Tensions," by Alfred J. Marrow *(Chilton. 271 pp. XV. $6.95), holds that bias is more frequently a convention than a deep-seated commitment to action. Allen D. Grimshaw, assistant professor of sociology at Indiana University, has long been interested in social conflict. He leaves shortly for work in India as a faculty research fellow of the American Institute of Indian Studies.*

By ALLEN D. GRIMSHAW

ALFRED J. MARROW, chairman of the Commission on Intergroup Relations of the City of New York from 1956-60, combines professional credentials in psychology with a variety of experiences in industrial management and could have written any one of several types of books in the area of prejudice and group relations. He might have undertaken a survey of current events in the rapidly changing arena of Negro-white relations in the United States; an exposition of theories of prejudice and intergroup hostility in terms understandable to interested and intelligent laymen; a review of his experiences as the chairman of the largest municipal organization in the group relations field (an enterprise which would have been invaluable for other practitioners); or he might even have attempted the kind of synthesis that is suggested in the subtitle, *viz.*, a new look at tensions, etc. Unfortunately, in trying to do all these things in one volume, he seems to have failed to do any one of them adequately.

Running an organization such as COIR must, in some ways, be as frustrating as the direction of foreign policy. While practitioners are aware that long-term changes in patterns of intergroup relations require an understanding of basic faults in the social structure, they are confronted with the necessity of meeting problems piecemeal as they arise in day-to-day existence in the metropolis. Action is demanded on affronts to United Nations diplomats from African nations, on exclusive policies of private clubs, on the ever-present problem of gang warfare, and on allegations of religious and ethnic discrimination in housing, education, and employment. And, if any program shows even the most meager prospects of success, there is the temptation to utilize findings without waiting to see what longer-range consequences may be.

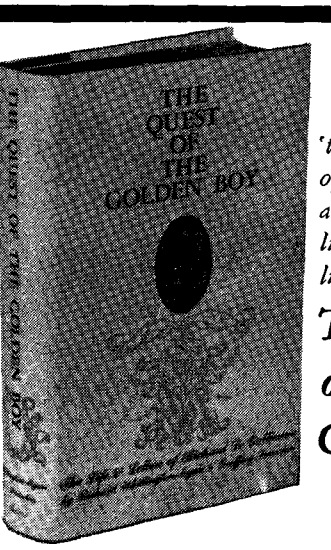
Dr. Marrow, and many other practitioners, look for the source of intergroup tensions and hostility in prejudice; prejudice as an attribute is an individual phenomenon. They see anti-Negro or anti-Semitic behavior as the result of individual aberrations whether they derive from "authoritarian personalities" or from "deprived" childhood environments. Their major long-range goal, then, becomes a therapeutic one, directed to a kind of benevolent "brainwashing." It also leads, and there is more immediate danger here, to the explaining away of antisocial acts as the result of individual sickness rather than the consequence of the organization of the society itself. The strategic implications are clear. Even if individuals can be salvaged, the social situations that produce their aberrations will remain unchanged. The research that Dr. Marrow cites, even when it refers to social structures—as is the case in housing studies which have found that whites living in integrated housing are likely to grow less hostile to Negroes—ultimately refers to individual attitudes. (And, it might be noted, in *some* cases deeper acquaintance increases rather than lessens hostility.)

While he complains about the scarcity of financial support for basic research, Dr. Marrow notes that the budget of COIR for one year (1960) was over $500,000—more, he observes, than could be fruitfully spent. Yet, the research expenditures of the Commission were on psychological studies of attitudes (in "depth") by commercial organizations such as Dr. Ernest Dichter's Institute of Motivational Research, Inc., rather than on the theoretically richer (and ultimately more practical) researches already under way in New York's several major research institutions.

HERE can be found another source of Dr. Marrow's frustration over the results of COIR activities. In his Introduction he observes that five years as chairman of COIR convinced him "that government alone cannot solve the problems of intergroup relations for its citizens." Yet, as he reviews the findings of studies of attitudes he remarks that prejudice is more frequently a convention than a deep-seated commitment to action, and that government, through a variety of mechanisms, can have a major impact on intergroup behavior. There is considerable evidence for the second point of view, ranging from the activities of prejudiced policemen under threats of losing their jobs if involved in civil rights law violations to the success of some school desegregation programs. But, if reorganization of the social structure can reduce discriminatory behavior this raises questions about a strategy that focusses on prejudice. Hence, a dilemma for psychologically oriented practitioners.

Basic policy issues aside, this book is further marred by a failure to carry out background research on historical materials. On pages 186-87, for ex-

The life and letters of Richard Le Gallienne. A big biography by Richard Whittington-Egan and Geoffrey Smerdon, whose quest leads them from Liverpool to London where Le Gallienne reached his peak of success in the select circle of *fin-de-siecle* writers, then on to America, Paris and finally to Menton, passing many a literary milestone on the way. Illustrated with family photographs and a portrait by Gwen Le Gallienne. $9.00



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The Quest of the Golden Boy

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ample, the author discusses a "riot" in Harlem in July, 1961, in which residents attacked policemen attempting to make arrests. He comments that such attacks on law enforcement officers are new and not a part of the past experience of New York police. Quite the contrary, in the years between World War I and the Harlem disturbances of 1935 alone some ten major disturbances between Negroes and police were reported in the *New York Times*, in several of which the dispute grew out of attempts by policemen to apprehend Negro offenders.

On the other hand, Dr. Marrow must certainly be congratulated for the rare candor with which he handles the activities and motives of various Negro leaders in the metropolis, particularly such men as Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who if they are successful in doing away with discrimination may, in the process, do themselves out of jobs.

The promise of chapters with titles such as "From Uncle Tom to Sit-Ins" seemed never, to this reader, to be fulfilled. This chapter reviews, very briefly, the activities of Black Muslim groups, comments on the changing role of organizations like the NAACP and the Urban League, and compares the activities of such divergent personalities as Martin Luther King and Representative Powell. Yet it fails to catch the flavor of the basic schisms that are developing in the philosophic orientations of Negro leadership—who may differ in methods but who are nevertheless committed to massive change, right now.

I AM aware of the dangers inherent in criticizing a book because it isn't the kind of book a reviewer thinks should have been written. I will admit to disappointment that Dr. Marrow did not exploit his experience with COIR to produce a volume which offers more than the suggestion that participation, negotiation, the use of mass media, appeal to laws, and education should be more fully exploited in attempts to change intergroup patterns. The constraints placed on practitioners by a variety of constituencies—politicians, private-interest groups, and agencies with differing action orientations—could have been explored with great profit.

However, given the type of book he chose to write, I have the feelng that Dr. Marrow could have said much more than he did. He left his tenure as commissioner with a feeling of frustration at the size of the task, but with some optimism about possibilities of positive change. I put down his book with the same feeling.

A Poet Asks: How Long Is a While?

"Fight for Freedom: The Story of the NAACP," by Langston Hughes *(Norton. 224 pp. $4.50), not only recounts the history of a powerful movement and its fighting organization, but sketches such fiery leaders as W. E. B. DuBois who made it a reality. Irving Dilliard has just completed a book on the Bill of Rights opinions of Mr. Justice Black.*

By IRVING DILLIARD

MOVE "with all deliberate speed," counseled the United States Supreme Court in the public school desegregation cases some eight years ago. You wonder how long is "deliberate" and how slow it can be and still be "speed."

Take as an illustration, the life span of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It was founded in 1909, less than a year after two Negroes, one of them eighty-four years old, were lynched in Springfield, Ill., not far from Lincoln's tomb and even closer to the Great Emancipator's historic home.

The Springfield outrage, with race rioters surging through the streets and looting and burning Negro dwellings and seriously injuring some seventy of their occupants, was vividly described in the pages of the *Independent*, by William English Walling. So vividly, in fact, that one reader, Mary White Ovington, thereafter devoted her life to remedying the deplorable state of race relations, North as well as South. Out of her resolution in 1908-09 came the organization whose initials are printed many times every day in many parts of the country.

Yet as this is written, Governor Kerner of Illinois has announced a meeting with Dr. L. H. Holman of Joliet, president of the Illinois conference of the NAACP, as a result of beatings of six integrationists by white men at a Cairo, Ill., skating rink. The rink was closed and so was a swimming pool where there had been demonstrations and other trouble.

And so you wonder about "all deliberate speed" when citizens are still getting their heads cracked and bloodied in Lincoln's state more than a half century—fifty-three years to be exact—after the Springfield riots that so deeply disturbed Vachel Lindsay.

Langston Hughes: "We want 'what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming.' We want 'my country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty.' We want everything we ever heard about in all the 4th of July speeches."

Langston Hughes, poet, novelist, and playwright, who tells the story of the NAACP, makes it plenty clear how the Sit-in Kids and the Freedom Riders react when some Washington officials tell them to wait a while. They want to know "what while"? He speaks for them:

> Their daddies waited a while, their grand-daddies waited a long, *long* while. To the great-grand-daddies of these young Negroes today the white world owes *beaucoup* back money—lots and lots—for working and waiting a *while*—back pay for free labor, slave labor, hopeless expectations—payments long overdue—since 1619. Where is that money? Where *is* that freedom? And where *is this* freedom today? Those who are young want it now, before they get as old as those who will probably never have anything before they die. "All deliberate speed" is not *now*. If one cools off today he might be stone-cold dead tomorrow—and still no ballot, still no hospital to get well in or die in, still no hot dog at that bus station lunch counter.
>
> *Hot dog?* Are you kidding? We want "what so proudly we hailed at

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the twilight's last gleaming." We want "my country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty." We want everything we ever heard about in all the Fourth of July speeches ever spoken. Don't say it—because you might be declared subversive—*but we want freedom.*

Langston Hughes knows what he is writing about. He has been through sixty years of it since his birth in Joplin, Mo., in 1902. In Lawrence, Kan., he could not go to the movies. He could not buy an ice cream soda. He could not even swim at the YMCA.

But he would be the first to say that a lot of ground has been gained and largely due to the NAACP. Few organizations have had such distinguished backing at the outset. Jane Addams opened Hull-House to the cause, and other supporters were John Dewey, John Haynes Holmes, Stephen S. Wise, Lincoln Steffens, Mary E. Woolley, Ray Stannard Baker, Lillian D. Wald, Brand Whitlock, Oswald Garrison Villard.

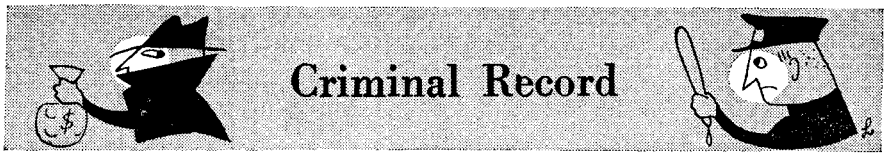
What Woodrow Wilson called "pitiless publicity" has glared down on the lynchers, and here is the record the NAACP has worked so hard to make possible.

Year	Lynchings
1909	90
1920	65
1930	25
1940	5
1950	none
1962	?

Next year will be the 100th anniversary of the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation. This book, with its reports of the bitter racial persecutions in World Wars I and II; the great work of James Weldon Johnson, who once developed a four-year high school for Negroes in Jacksonville, Fla., by keeping the eighth grade class a ninth year, and then a tenth, and so on; the later contributions of Walter White and Roy Wilkins—this stirring book by Langston Hughes will help make that historic centennial far more meaningful than it otherwise would have been. Somebody ought to put it in every library in the country!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. ETAMINE. 2. POPGUN. 3. SCANTIER. 4. COTERIES. 5. NEATHERD. 6. LATESCENT. 7. HOSTILE. 8. TREATIES. 9. AGRESTIC. 10. INTEGRAL. 11. ORIENTAL. 12. ERECTION.



FINAL VERDICT. *By Adela Rogers St. Johns. Doubleday.* $5.95. This huge (512 pp.) book details cases handled by one of the greatest of American trial lawyers: Earl Rogers of California, the author's father; most space is given to defense of Clarence Darrow on charge of jury bribing; hero of this history was a dedicated alcoholic. A classic.

THE TICKING CLOCK. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Many-chambered upstate New York house, inherited by young lady literary agent, nearly proves the death of her when big-time crooks move in. Salutations to the authors of their semicentennial tale!

COUNTERWEIGHT. *By Daniel Broun. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. New Broadway musical's first night is jolted when stage manager takes final count, but show goes on as cops inquire. Stage lingo and *mise-en-scène* nicely authentic.

DEATH IN COLD PRINT. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $2.95. Roger (Handsome) West, Yard biggie, explores killings involving vast provincial printing plant; gets answer as monotypes cease chatter. Usual good job, but more populous than most.

TWO FOR THE MONEY. *By Jeremy York. Crime Club.* $2.95. English lass, arriving at Nice airport, tizzies when Yank "cousin" turns out to be tough *hombre* (real cousin has been canceled out on page 8). Damsel's distress is communicable.

THE CRABTREE AFFAIR. *By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Ancient retainer, returning to stately English home, meets violent end; Sir John Appleby, Yard V.I.P., discovers corpse, follows through. Lightly literate.

THE SATAN BUG. *By Ian Stuart. Scribners.* $3.95. Death of security officer at English microbiological center has violent repercussions, but Investigator Pierre Cavell stops all the noise. Frank Merriwell lives again!

THE WORLD OF TIM FRAZER. *By Francis Durbridge. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. British engineer turns semiofficial intelligence agent when partner lams trailing forged checks; deaths not infrequent. Excellent baffler.

DEAD WEIGHT. *By Ruth Fenisong. Crime Club.* $3.50. Proprietor of New York reducing salon excites interest of nice Police Captain Gridley Nelson; hit-and-run case blossoms out. Carries through pleasantly.

THE CRY OF THE OWL. *By Patricia Highsmith. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Exing wife sets out to make trouble for Pennsylvania aeronautical engineer and succeeds in big way as corpses accumulate. Plenty of action plus emotion.

WHEN I GROW RICH. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.50. Youthful Turkish philosopher turns practical when Istanbul dowager gets involved in dire doings; there are dead (also a nice live English girl). Excellent picture of life on the Bosphorus.

REPENT AT LEISURE. *By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Blackmailer who effected two New York deaths (sculptor and his widow) is target for Hiram Potter, gentleman eye; some of action is in rural Connecticut. Placidly exciting.

THE WILL OF THE TRIBE. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $3.50. Detective Inspector Bonaparte of Australian police tackles case involving human bones in meteor crater. Nice treatment, as might be expected, and interesting cast.

THE DOORS OPEN. *By Michael Gilbert. Walker.* $3.50. Murder of assistant cashier is first blow in campaign that threatens Britain's security and involves Yard, Intelligence, stock exchange, and canny villains. Nice one to take your time with.

ELLERY QUEEN'S 1963 ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis Publications.* $1 (*paperback*). Three short novels, three sub-short dittoes, and thirteen short stories make up this fourth-in-a-row annual bargain, still 320 pages strong. Name authors predominate.

NO SAFE ROAD. *Bruce Munslow. Walker.* $3.50. Demobbed English lad sets up haulage business in Port Said (time 1956) and runs into difficulties on two fronts. Plenty of rough stuff here, also fine sense of locale.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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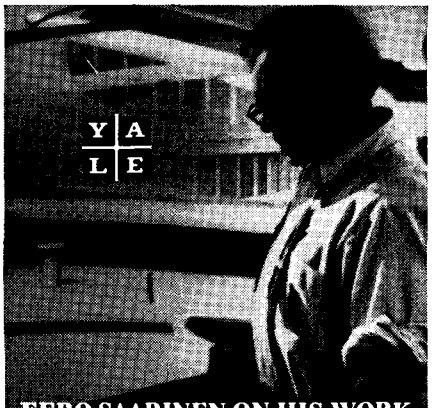

EERO SAARINEN ON HIS WORK

One of the twentieth century's foremost architects tells what he believed and felt about architecture, including sixteen of his major projects. Forty-six outstanding photographs, including eleven double-page spreads, taken by Ezra Stoller, Balthasar Korab, Herbert Matter, and others, plus twenty-seven plans and drawings. Edited by Aline B. Saarinen.

Before January 1, 1963 $12.50
After January 1, 1963 $15.00

Yale University Press, New Haven and London

A surgeon's revealing account—

At Work with
ALBERT SCHWEITZER

By L. Ostergaard-Christensen

An intimate glimpse into the day-to-day life at Lambarene, together with vivid sketches of the country and people of central Africa. Illustrated with photographs and sketches. A rare, first-hand look at Schweitzer the man and philosopher-in-action. **$3.50**

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WIN A TRIP —
TO LONDON
OR TO TOKYO

Saturday Review readers may now enter SR's tenth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1962. *For detail, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.*

Book of the Week

Continued from page 19

tion in itself—but to his deliberate and largely post-World War II use of peculiar carbon compounds in crop dusting and other forms of insect control. DDT is an excellent and spectacular example. With the passage of time the chemical industries have pressed more and more such substances upon the receptive public. Extensive research has been carried on in this field, frequently with results, at first glance, of an impressive character. That there may be other results, less favorable when viewed over a longer time span, is not always so well publicized.

The reason that Rachel Carson has chosen the more conservative biological approach to the problem of insect control lies in the following facts: Ill or uncontrolled spraying with deadly chemicals destroys beneficial as well as undesirable forms of life; furthermore, the poisonous residues may and do find their way into human food. Secondly, because insect generations are short and their numbers large, they rapidly become immune to the poisons that originally decimated them. By contrast, birds and the higher mammals, including man, cannot rapidly develop this selective immunity. They are eventually threatened not only by tougher and more formidable insect disease-carriers, but also by progressively dangerous chemicals devised against the mounting numbers of insects that refuse to succumb but whose natural enemies—the birds and fish—are being slaughtered in growing numbers by these same chemicals. The normal balance of life is thus increasingly disrupted. Man is whetting the cutting edge of natural selection, but its edge is turned against himself and his allies in the animal world.

In case after case, Miss Carson succeeds in documenting her thesis with complete adequacy. It is not pleasant to learn of the casual spraying of the landscape with chemicals capable of mutagenic effects and regarded by some authorities as representing as great a menace as high levels of radiation. Nor is it reassuring to read that the hydrocarbons have an affinity for mammalian germ cells. At present there is no law on the statute books that requires manufacturers to demonstrate the genetic effects, as distinguished from the toxicity, of their concoctions. Nor is there any way of controlling what the average uninformed farmer may do with his insecticides. An equally ill-educated and impatient public wants its weeds, gnats, and mosquitoes eliminated in one fell blow. It is not sophisticated enough to trouble over the looming demise of our beautiful national bird, the bald eagle, nor to connect the return of many supposedly eliminated pests with the fact that the newer generation may be able to flourish in a sack of DDT and thus be twice as formidable.

The biological controls which Miss Carson favors, along with other informed biologists, are not just more careful and discreet use of pesticides, but also such clever natural manipulations as the release of sterilized screw worm flies, causing a greater reduction in the population of this parasite than any insecticide would have achieved. Successful experiments such as this depend upon precise knowledge of the life history of an organism. They strike directly at the heart of the problem. They do not leave poisonous residues or resistant life-strains, nor do they result in the mass killing that frequently destroys valuable food chains on which even man is in the long run dependent.

All of these facts Rachel Carson has set forth sensibly in the quiet, rational prose for which she is famous. If her present book does not possess the beauty of "The Sea Around Us," it is because she has courageously chosen, at the height of her powers, to educate us upon a sad, an unpleasant, an unbeautiful topic, and one of our own making. "Silent Spring" should be read by every American who does not want it to be the epitaph of a world not very far beyond us in time.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1000

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1000 will be found in the next issue.

JAC OBKKCMCXFC PCJHCCX
Q ANRQX PCBXL JCX
SCQMZ DK QLC QXO DXC
KBKJS SCQMZ DK QLC
WBCZ QWJDLCJACM BX
JAC RQJJCM DK JDSZ.
D'RQWWCS.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 999

Folks that blurt out just what they think wouldn't be so bad if they thought.

—Kin Hubbard.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Maximova, Giselle—"Spartacus," Spectacle

AS JULIET is for the actress, so Giselle for the dancer is a role to which very few bring the requisite qualities of poise, insight, and artistic awareness when they are of an age to suggest her physically as well. Indeed, the best in recent years have been those—like Alicia Markova and Galina Ulanova—of a slight and diminutive enough stature to remain retrospectively young in appearance after finally gaining the maturity bred by experience.

But it is the lure of the arts that there may always be exceptions, and a present one appears to be breeding in the person of Ekaterina Maximova. The doors of opportunity were opened to her at the Bolshoi's second "Giselle" of its Metropolitan Opera season, and she rushed through them into a world of fantasy and make-believe. At twenty-two she has the pictorial graces of an exceptional Giselle, and an astonishing number of the expressive ones as well. New York had the pleasure of her debut fresh from the Bolshoi Ballet School three years ago, and it should continue that pleasant relationship through many years, and roles, to come.

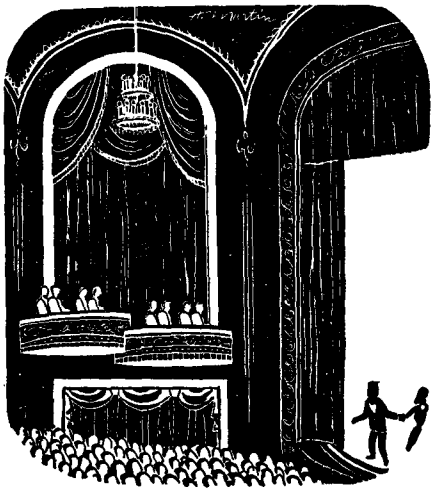
A Giselle to the life—she is small-boned, compact, and small of features—Maximova moves through the role with the instinctive grace of a great dancing talent whose responses transcend the benefits of superb schooling. Elfin light, she can soar, pirouette, or perform a *petit bourrée* (short hopping step on point) as easily as she can walk, but not more enchantingly—for her walk is itself a model of mobility. She has the musical sense, too, so that her phrasing is never an attack on a count but a response to a prompting from the sound source.

How does she act Giselle? That, possibly, may be answered better ten years from now than today, for Maximova is at that stage of a brilliant dash off the mark when the stage is her firmament, problems are presolved, and all she need do is follow her instinct (and the promptings of her stern mentors, including Ulanova). She responds to the dilemma of a peasant who has fallen into a hopeless love for a prince in disguise (hopeless because he can never lower his station to hers) as any girl of her age might. It is not an abstract problem to be acted, but a very real case of heartbreak that need only be felt and expressed.

Of course, Maximova has had much more experience as an adolescent than she has had as a wraith, which means that her second act will require some time to match the quality of her first. She dances it faultlessly, insofar as steps and postures are concerned, but one never feels that hint of desperation, of a short hour's reprieve from the tomb which powers the action of the best Giselles when they have succumbed and been brought back from the spirit world. The simple fact is that at this way point of her career, Maximova finds it difficult to be other than vital and glowing. But I have no doubt that the evolution will occur and her name added to those who have distinguished themselves in the footsteps (literally) of the great Carlotta Grisi who created the part.

In this sequence of "Giselles," the totality was highest when Nina Timofeyeva was the Myrtha, as she was at the Saturday matinee with Maximova. The charming Tatiana Popko made much of her opportunities in the *pas de deux* with the bouncy Vladimir Nikonov, but Nicolai Fadeychev is a stilted, unappealing Albrecht for my taste. The order of excellence in Maximova's Giselle was reversed in Marina Kondratieva's, for her bland, rather impersonal first act was followed by a much more incisive second, a tribute to her experience. I also preferred those performances where Maximova had the responsive Alexander Kopylov's direction of the music to follow, rather than the earlier one in which Yuri Faier took a decision from Adolphe Adam by a knockout.

It was well that these "Giselles" were interspersed in a week in which the Bolshoi danced "Spartacus" here for the first time, lest there be a total collapse of esteem for their artistic discrimination. In it the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome are more than a little mixed up with the grossness that is "spectacle," whether of the Moscow or Hollywood variety. Redone for export purposes (with the Khachaturian score severely, but not seriously, reduced) by Leonid Yakobson, whose first version for Leningrad was replaced with another for Moscow by Igor Moiseyev, it combines early Fokine with late Massine in what, if one were determined to take it seriously, could only be termed a balletic debacle.



But for an hour or so—which is to say the length of the first act—it is almost splendidly funny in its serio-comic depiction of a Rome in which the legions goose-step, give Fascist salutes, and strut like Mussolini's Blackshirts. Needless to say, Spartacus the slave towers over them like a man among mice, especially as depicted by Dimitri Begak, who is not much of a dancer but dresses his part superbly. Maya Plisetskaya, who is, of course, very much of a dancer, portrays his wife Phyrgia, who is sold into service when her husband is sent to gladiator school. He graduates cum laude by slaying a stageful of Samnites in one of the gaudiest bits of mock combat since D'Artagnan wiped out half a hundred ruffians in a Parisian alley.

So far the audience has been treated to a *spettacolo a la Russe*, with an army of performers and a small fortune in costuming and scenery, including one evocation of a nocturnal vista over Rome which is excellently realized on the Metropolitan's stage. There is a modicum of dancing, but the action scenes are performed with precision, and some of the character impersonations are wittily drawn (especially those relating to Roman patricians at play in an antique version of "La Dolce Vita").

It is, however, when "Spartacus" decides to take itself seriously in Act II that the viewer is forced to regard it otherwise. Much of this is devoted to an endless scene of Roman debauchery—a subject which is overrated as a spectator sport. There are some charming performances by Tatiana Domashevskaya as a nymph and Alla Istomina as a Cadiz maiden, but Plisetskaya is hardly visible at all until near the end of it, when Spartacus leads a rebellion of slaves in search of liberty as well as her love. In the end, he meets a heroic "partisan" death with the implication that the slaves will rise again, victoriously.

The "Spartacus" score is characteristically Khachaturian, which means that it is a mixture of virtue and vice. The former relates to the Eastern dance rhythms which he commands so well, the latter taking in his borrowings, in other veins and moods, from wherever suits his purpose—Rimsky or Korsakov, Balakirev or Strauss, Ravel or Kha-

(*Continued on page* 58)

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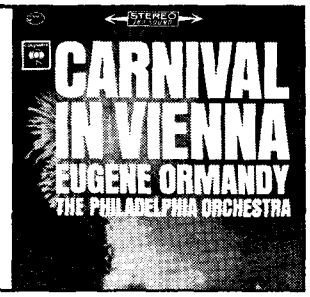
Strauss waltzes and polkas done to a turn, with Maestro Ormandy's imaginative stereo effects for good measure. Carnival in Vienna—Eugene Ormandy, Conductor; The Philadelphia Orchestra.



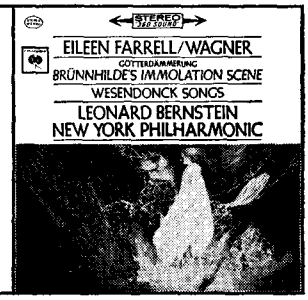
BERNSTEIN'S APPROACH TO THE MUSIC OF HIS FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, COPLAND, IS MATCHLESS. THREE BALLET SCORES GET A VITAL, NEW STEREO PERFORMANCE. COPLAND: APPALACHIAN SPRING / EL SALÓN MÉXICO / DANCE FROM "MUSIC FOR THE THEATRE"—LEONARD BERNSTEIN, CONDUCTOR; THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC.

Serkin's mature conception of the "Emperor," newly recorded in stereo. Here is an encore of the recent stunning performance with Bernstein and the Philharmonic. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor")—Rudolf Serkin, pianist; Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; the New York Philharmonic.

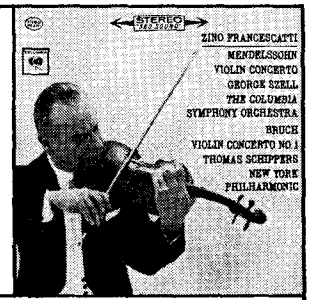
One of the last recordings made by Dr. Walter finds his Mozart as charming and vital as ever.

Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik and Overtures—Bruno Walter, Conductor; Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

A powerful moment in grand opera is a dramatic and vocal triumph for Madame Farrell, with sensitive accompaniment by the Bernstein/Philharmonic forces. Wagner: Immolation Scene/Five Wesendonck Songs—Leonard Bernstein, Conductor; the New York Philharmonic; Eileen Farrell, soprano.



A coupling of two major violin concertos performed by Francescatti with unexcelled tonal beauty and lyricism. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto—George Szell, Conductor Columbia Symphony Orchestra / Bruch: Violin Concerto No. 1—Thomas Schippers, Conductor The New York Philharmonic; Zino Francescatti, violinist



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THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

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Salzburg—"regular trips have become necessary to keep the patient patient."

CONFESSIONS OF A MOZART ADDICT

SR/RECORDINGS
SEPTEMBER 29, 1962

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By HARLAN THOMPSON

IT ALL started in the 1930s at one of those expansive and expensive Beverly Hills charity benefits where movie starlets sold their ordinarily gratuitous kisses for $5.00 and bartenders handed out minuscule drinks for $2 apiece. There was also music.

It came from a gazebo at one end of the formal garden where a man by the name of Bruno Walter, of whom up to then I was only vaguely aware, was conducting an orchestra while a lady, whom the program identified as Lotte Lehmann, was singing. It was the most beautiful singing I had ever heard.

One reason I was in the vicinity of the gazebo was my dear and celebrated friend, whom we shall call Tecumseh, since no part of him is Indian. The other reason was Mrs. Tecumseh. She had watched the five dollar kissing with complete complaisance, but the miniature martinis had her worried.

"For Pete's sake," she whispered after the third one, "walk him around somewhere. You know he can't drink!"

It took some coaxing to separate Tecumseh from the fourth thimbleful he had ordered, but eventually I got him started down the garden path. As we shuffled along, his deviation from the perpendicular became more and more pronounced; the garden path became more and more difficult to pursue; and it was with considerable relief that I saw an array of folding chairs just ahead. I made for them. Tecumseh by now was not making for anything, but I managed to steer him into one of the seats.

Then and there I met Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Not that I knew it at the time. All I knew was that the lady in the program was singing something exquisitely lovely and that if I didn't keep a tight grip on my companion's arm he would topple over into the lap of the elaborate dowager on his left.

The song ended. The audience clapped delightedly. I applauded with my one free hand against Tecumseh's cheek, not only to show my apprecia-

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tion of the music, but to see if it might not bring him to. It was a vain hope. Slowly, and with a certain gelatinous dignity, he slid forward off the chair and came to rest on the grass with his head just touching one of the dowager's satin slippers. She shrank back from him in horror, but Tecumseh neither knew nor cared.

I was delighted to see that Mme. Lehmann was going to favor us with an encore. But it was not to be. The dowager was hissing in my ear.

"Get him out of here!"

"Why?" I inquired.

"He's drunk!"

"But quiet . . . and happy—"

Our colloquy, unfortunately, had attracted too much attention. Reluctantly I stole away with Tecumseh draped limply over my right shoulder. On the way out a few heads turned as we passed, but on seeing who it was they smiled understandingly and resumed their conversations about who had been with whom where.

Mrs. Tecumseh met us near the entrance gates. "Put him in the gold room," she said. "He doesn't like the morning sun."

Lotte Lehmann's entrancing tones followed us as I pushed my way and my burden through the cluster of autograph hounds on the sidewalk and deposited his flexible form in the car at the curb.

It was only a few blocks and a few minutes until he was snoozing peacefully in his gilded bed. I thought to myself how well he looked. And why not, someone had observed. He never drank much and always got to bed early.

I was back at the party in no time at all and headed straight for the gazebo. Mme. Lehmann had finished, but Bruno Walter was just starting to play something. The program called it "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." And it had a number, K. 525—whatever that meant. Whatever it meant, the sound was heavenly. So this was Mozart. Where had he been all my life?

But Mozartian addiction, like the surrender to barbiturates, comes on slowly. My musical interest was still centered in songs out of Broadway shows, from some of which came ASCAP royalties.

Off Broadway, so to speak, my tastes ran to Gilbert and Sullivan, Strauss waltzes, and such assorted characters as Till Eulenspiegel and Serge Prokofiev. How his Third Piano Concerto ever got in, I can't imagine.

But Wolfgang Amadeus turned out to be a great little infiltrator. At first it was just a smattering of 78 rpm discs. Remember, this was long before LPs. "A Little Nightmusic" naturally came first, then items like the Clarinet Concerto, the "Jupiter" Symphony, the operas as done at Glyndebourne, John McCormack singing "Il mio tesoro," the Piano Concerto in C Minor, K. 491—and then how those Köchel numbers began to pile up—364, 550, 99, 516, 136, 361, 296, 626, 165, 524—the whole list would resemble a long stretch of ticker tape.

It wasn't too long before the supply of available 78s ran out. But the Mozartphilia had increased rather than diminished. It was then that the real searching began. You could find little out-of-the-way record shops that would let you paw through hundreds of dusty discs on which they had given up hope. You could get catalogues from England and order records that either had been deleted over here or had never made it across the Atlantic. You could ferret out arias by Nellie Melba and Adelina Patti and Frieda Hempel and singers with such unlikely names as Lidia Stix and Leila Ben-Sedira on unfamiliar labels such as Lumen, Sens, Christschall, and, of all things, *Nightmusic*.

WHEN you were in Paris you could prowl the Left Bank and pick up an occasional rarity on the "La Voix de Son Maître" label. And then there was that joyful day in Rome when you came across the three "La Voce del Padrone" discs on which Gioconda de Vito outdoes all other violinists in her rendition of the Concerto in Sol Maggiore (K.216), with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting.

There is a little magpie blood in all of us, I fear, and that's how collectors are born.

Probably a third of the 626 numbers in the Köchel catalogue had been assembled on 78s when LP records made their debut. Now it became necessary to get long-playing versions of whatever shellacs were being duplicated and also to acquire the hitherto unrecorded works that came pouring forth every month. But even these did not begin to fill up all the vacant spots in the Köchel index.

At about this point tape came to the rescue. With a recorder you could seek out orchestras, chamber groups, and soloists who might be playing something you didn't have. You could exchange tapes with other magnetically dedicated collectors. You could take concerts off the air now that it was possible to roll your own.

And just when everything seemed to have settled down in the music field, what should pop up but stereo. In the beginning, though, it was known as "binaural" because it was heard through earphones and each ear got a completely separate channel. I set up two microphones, listened—and flipped. This was definitely destined to make monophonic recordings seem second-rate. And so it proved.

Now the thing to do was to add two-track versions of such music as was available to the single channel works already on the shelves. Sometimes it wasn't easy. You found yourself hiding microphones among the footlights in a concert hall, running cables down into the basement, and taking the end of the preliminary tuning-up as a starting cue. It was sneaky business, but what chance have scruples against the *sostenuto* determination of a Mozart stalker? Besides, at fifteen inches per second, the tape sound was resplendent.

In time, prerecorded stereo tapes began to trickle on the market and after them the deluge of double channel LPs. These, along with new monophonic releases, helped widen the Mozart repertory. Naturally, over the years, the collection has taken in many other composers, but Wolfgang remains the odds-on favorite. In fact, the obsession has progressed to a stage where regular trips to the Salzburg Festival have become necessary to keep the patient patient.

To become statistical, I have rounded up 527 Mozart recordings to which Köchel numbers have been assigned. Of the missing works, thirty are described as spurious, dubious, lost, or fragments. There are fourteen arias and fourteen minuets apparently still unrecorded, also twelve very early sonatas, ten short masses, and nine songs. The rest, except for "Davidde penitente," an oratorio (K. 469), and "Il sogno di Scipione," a *serenata drammatica* (K. 126), are of no great importance, although I have tracers out for eleven which show signs of having been recorded at some time or other abroad.

"Davidde penitente" was performed at Tanglewood last year, but I was out of the country and couldn't do anything about it. The only missing works I know of that have appeared on a domestic label are some excerpts from a ballet, "L'Epreuve d'amour," which were on a long since deleted Columbia record; and a Sonata for Piano and Violin in C (K. 403), which has somehow eluded me.

In my book the world has produced three men with the clearest title to the appellation "genius." They are Shakespeare, da Vinci, and Mozart. Had Wolfgang not died at thirty-five from poverty, malnutrition, and other lesser complaints, try to imagine how many even greater masterpieces might have been created by this incredible little man who was born old and died so young.

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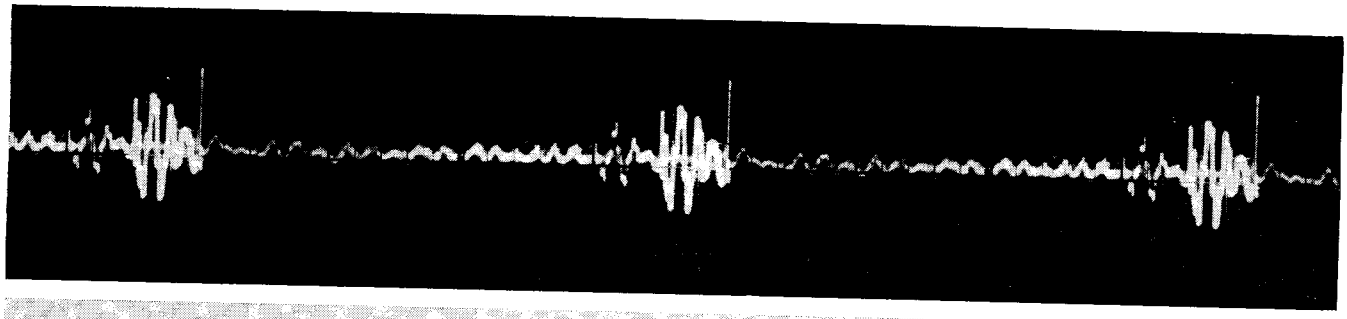

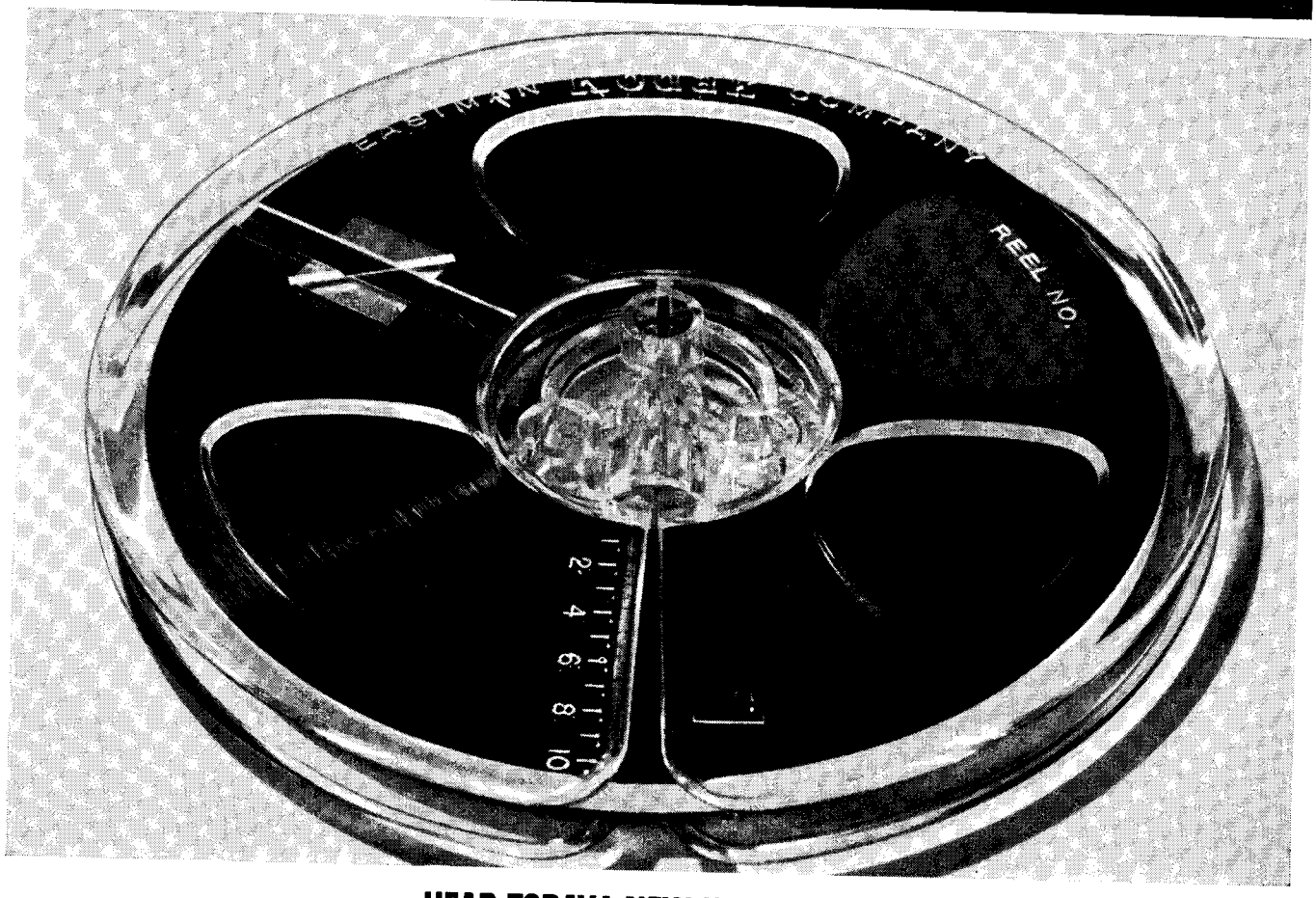

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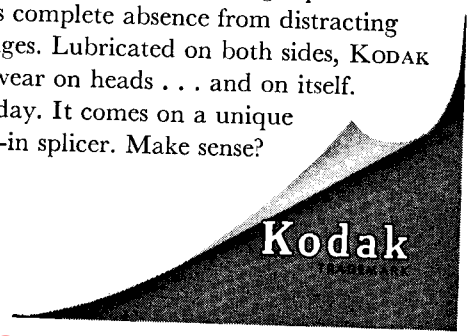

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

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A Masterly "Fidelio"

LIKE every work which is officially timeless, "Fidelio" is also the work of a time—post-Mozart, pre-Weber (which, needless to say, also means pre-Wagner). It is Otto Klemperer's awareness of both the timeless and the timely in Beethoven's score that makes his just-released version with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus and a finely matched complement of vocalists (Angel S-3625-C/L, $17.98) something more than merely new. It is the best-recorded "Fidelio" ever, and on the level of the best "live" ones I recall from a range of listening that includes such conductors as Richard Strauss, Arturo Toscanini, Artur Bodanzky (who had a fine feeling for this work), and Bruno Walter.

The knotty problem, in presenting "Fidelio," is, of course, the personification of the title role itself. More often than not, the concentration has been directed toward a vocalist who could deal with the heroic "Abscheulicher," on the premise that everything else would fall into place thereafter. Thus the inclination of some conductors is toward such Wagnerian voices as Nanny Larsén-Todsen, Kirsten Flagstad, and the present Birgit Nilsson (to mention those who have been heard in New York). The other trend is to choose a performer with the fervor and appeal to make Fidelio-Leonore dramatically credible and take the risk that the big vocal demand may be slighted, or only partially fulfilled. Thus the choice of Strauss and Toscanini (in Salzburg) of Lotte Lehmann, or Toscanini's preference for Rose Bampton (whose career as a soprano was unfortunately brief) for his NBC broadcast, or Bruno Walter's belief that Regina Resnik could qualify in an English-language "Fidelio."

Given a conductor of the requisite conviction—and all those enumerated above certainly qualify—the listener can be persuaded to overlook the inevitable compromises in the impact of the work as a whole. The women of weight and range rarely can reduce their output to the intimate requirements of the canon quartet, while those who are able to take it in stride are inclined to stumble in the work's moments of high drama in the dungeon, or in the following "O namenlose Freude." The election of alternatives is, on the whole, simpler in the opera house, where vision and action can supplement the bare impression of competence or incompetence that comes to the ear alone from a record. Thus, at the time of her "Fidelio" with Fricsay, Leonie Rysanek might have made a memorable heroine in the theatre, given the visual supplement lacking for the home listener. The sum of it is, really, that the ideal Fidelio existed, probably, only in Beethoven's mind alone. To succeed as well as Klemperer has here means only one thing: a new approach, in which the opportunities of the recording studio are utilized to create a result disassociated from the demands of theatre.

All of which is to say this is a performance with a point of view, and a cast painstakingly matched to that point of view. Whether or not the names are what would seem to be indicated by the roles with which they are associated, they have exactly the qualities that Klemperer requires to satisfy his point of view—they are all vocalists capable of clean, well-controlled articulation, able to fulfill his essential premise that as well as a performer can speak the text of "Fidelio," it is even more important to sing, sing, sing Beethoven's music.

For, in a literal sense, "Fidelio" is a *Singspiel*—half spoken, half sung. More important, the speaking should be confined to the connecting text and not (as is sometimes heard) be allowed to invade the lyric line, in a half declamatory, quasi-Wagnerian way. One first becomes aware of this after the opening scene of Marzelline (Ingeborg Hallstein is her name and she is a delightfully pure soprano) and Jaquino (Gerhard Unger) with the entry of Rocco. He is not the customarily gruff, toneless bass, but the excellent Gottlob Frick, whose sound, abetted by the microphone, is as close as a German voice can get to a basso cantante. And when Christa Ludwig joins them as Leonore-Fidelio, the canon quartet becomes what it may be, but not often is—a miracle of flowing song.

Ludwig — "both the extention and the fervor."

That is all very well, one may say, but how does Miss Ludwig, abundantly well known as a mezzo, cope with the dramatic demands of Leonore's role, especially the treacherous "Abscheulicher"? The answer comes soon enough, and it is: very well indeed. Her rich middle tones are ideally controlled for the purposes of the prayerful prelude "Komm' Hoffnung," and—for the purposes of recording at least—she has both the extension and the fervor for a powerful delivery of the flourishes up to B that follow. To complete the list of performers in Act II, there is Walter Berry.

At face value, the most reassuring part in this project would seem to be Jon Vickers's participation as Florestan. However, this singer has delivered work of such variable quality in the last season or so that one had no conviction how he would perform this time. But—and the credit must certainly be in large part Klemperer's—he has not sounded nearly so well since his "Messiah" with Beecham. This is not merely a matter of competence to sing the notes: Vickers has demonstrated that in several opera houses previously. But there is a security, freedom, and ease in his delivery that reflect a performer and conductor at one in what they are trying to do.

With this kind of plastic material to mold, Klemperer is not impelled to add the dramatic emphasis as a kind of appliqué. Rather it proceeds from his own sure sense of where he is going, and the willingness of his cast to go the way with him. Among these must be included not only the cast, as enumerated, but also the orchestra, which plays the tricky score with virtuoso proficiency, and the individual enthusiasm of chamber music performers (including all the horn parts faultlessly produced). For a further detail, the Philharmonia chorus makes a rich sound throughout.

Noteworthy, too, is the concentration of the recording technicians on the best possible rendering of the musical sound, without sounds of chains rattling or teeth chattering. Like the work itself, then, this "Fidelio" is of a time (1962), but it has much in it that promises to be timeless. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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'Bohèmes" from Rome and Florence

AMONG the several striking facets of Puccini's "La Bohème" as a theatre piece is its power to attract many different styles of performance. RCA Victor has turned out a glass and chromium version (LSC 6095, $11.95), which is as shiny, miraculously joined, and impersonal as the industrial rectangles that tower above Park Avenue. Here and there the recording achieves isolated bits of sensitivity, the contributions of individual artists; but the general impression is one of high-gear industrial planning.

If the listener stays unmoved, it is not through lack of good intentions on the part of RCA Victor. Respectful care has been taken of the composer's indications. Balance between voice and orchestra is excellent, the instruments never overpowering or obscuring the singers; musical markings are scrupulously observed; dramatic action is effectively suggested and even the depth of the stage is implied by resourceful handling of the stereo channels. True, there is a plethora of sound effects, such as the tearing up of Rodolfo's manuscript, dropping of coins, clinking of glasses, handling of doors (Mimi's first gentle knock suggests, in this performance, an eager longshoreman reporting for work); but, on the whole, production and engineering are impeccable. What disappoints is the album's lack of spontaneity, of life-giving qualities.

Many operas of extreme technical difficulty might use with profit the sense of organization that marks the new "Bohème"—not, of course, as an artistic solution, but as a practical aid in performance. "Don Giovanni," "Falstaff," "Frau ohne Schatten," and "Wozzeck" are works that come to mind. But the lyric dramas of Puccini, and notably "La Bohème," depend for much of their magic on effects of the moment, on that Mediterranean spirit of improvisation (epitomized by the Commedia dell'Arte) which is never, not in the most serious works, to be discounted. Somehow, in the new recording, the show has been overrehearsed, the rapture beaten out of it.

This mechanized approach has worked superbly for the second act—the complicated scene at the Café Momus—where every shifting detail falls into place with such precision that the overall effect is tremendous. Here Erich Leinsdorf conducts brilliantly; orchestra, principals, chorus, and stage band follow his lead in bravura style. Elsewhere, in the more relaxed and poetic pages, the recording wants atmosphere. The moonlit mood of the love duet, the elegiac feel of the death scene do not quite hold the listener. Partly responsible for this is the limited tonal effectiveness of the Rome Opera Orchestra, which conveys little instrumental glow.

Moffo—"her phrasing . . . chiselled."

THE CAST, on the whole, performs ably but with styles ill matched. This is most to be noted in the disparity between Anna Moffo's studied Mimi and Richard Tucker's macaronic Rodolfo. Somehow, these two artists might have been induced to meet on middle ground. Miss Moffo's tone is reticent, her phrasing chiseled; Mr. Tucker, more extrovert than any native Italian, sings as if the Bay of Naples were his personal discovery. These are not the elements of which operatic love is made. Robert Merrill, in top form, contributes a good Marcello, and Giorgio Tozzi does well by Colline. Too much of the ensemble, however, is lacking in sweep and in real—not synthetic—abandon. Despite the clinking of glasses and the buoyant blare of its military band, this new "Bohème" evinces no Latin fullness of heart. Of the remaining singers, Philip Maero offers a fair Schaunard; Fernando Corena, a vulgar Benoit; and Mary Costa, a Musetta of small distinction.

Still another recent LP of "Bohème" (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, stereo 138764/65, $13.96, monaural 18764/65, $11.96) confronts the buyer. At a time when the historical range and variety of opera are being explored on all fronts, any further recording of this same work—so fully represented in the catalogue—would seem gratuitous unless a new Toscanini, Bjoerling, or Sayão were brought to light. When this much has been said, it should be added that the Deutsche Grammophon "Bohème" has its own appeal, especially for those who prefer a warm, provincial performance to an overly polished, big-time rendition.

Antonino Votto directs the orchestra and chorus of the Florence Teatro Comunale with understanding of the idiom. He never offends musically, often spins a soaring lyrical line, but misses out on some of the virtuosity that can enliven this score (as in RCA Victor's second act). His fine but subdued reading is not helped by the stodgy sound of the recording itself.

Renata Scotto, the Mimi, has been singing lyric roles successfully in Milan and London. The vocal texture would seem to be a lovely one, the style enkindling, the musicianship first-rate. Because of fuzzy engineering, it is hard in this new disc to evaluate her top tones, blurred and filtered like the "softened" close-ups in an old-time movie. Yet there can be no doubt, even now, of Miss Scotto's interpretative skill.

Gianni Poggi, the Rodolfo, is not the most dashing among tenors, nor the most mellifluous; but he does solidly enough in music which often tempts a performer to excess. Those who prize the sob technique may disapprove; others will applaud the directness of his approach.

Jolanda Meneguzzer, the Musetta, sings more opulently than the usual soubrette. Giuseppe Modesti is a convincing Colline; and Giorgio Giorgetti, the Schaunard, underscores the neglect into which this role has fallen. Orchestra and chorus maintain a serviceable routine.

There remains the Marcello of Tito Gobbi, strangely unrewarding and miscast. Somehow this noble artist strikes the wrong mood from the beginning. He is Scarpia—clipped, dark, and menacing—Iago, Macbeth, rather than the amiable Marcello. Since nothing that Gobbi undertakes is without distinction, one should note the virility of his tone, the sculptural splendor of his phrasing. They do not, however, add up.

In all, a competent performance of "Bohème" . . . but why another at this time? —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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AUDIO '63

A Preview of the New York Audio Show

By IVAN BERGER

WHILE millions, indeed, billions of dollars and incalculable man-hours are being directed to the conquest of outer space, some much more modest sums and smaller investments of time are still being applied to the mastery of inner space—the areas to which man retires to replenish himself by home listening. Apartment living and the duple demands of stereo have provided two of the principal themes for this year's New York High Fidelity Music Show at the New York Trade Show Building (Eighth Avenue at Thirty-fifth Street), which will be in session from October 3 through October 6. To approach the domestic partner whose judgment in such matters usually prevails, "Ladies' Days" have been instituted, during which advice will be offered toward the solution of that knottiest of problems—how to match the requirements of high-fidelity reproduction with an existing or planned decorative scheme, maintaining, all the while, some respect for the family budget.

But, as in the past, the real test comes in what is shown by the exhibitors themselves. The major respect in which high-fidelity requirements are being shaped with a special eye to apartment living is in speaker design. Their bulk has long been a problem to those with small or crowded listening space. With stereo multiplying the space problem by two, speaker manufacturers have rigorously altered designs. Some of the new crop of "picture-frame" speakers can fit on—or in—any wall with little difficulty. One manufacturer has reduced his contribution to a trim two-inch thickness, and four- and six-inch units are becoming common.

But, for the man with space, skepticism, or both, there are larger units ranging from Acoustic Research's four models for the unabridged bookshelf to the mammoth Electro-Voice Patrician system (newly redesigned) and the KLH 10, a thin but far from compact full-range electrostatic unveiled last year. American Sintronics, a new exhibitor, promises to solve the stereo speaker problem with a new Unified Stereo Speaker System. It combines both systems in one bookshelf enclosure, even claiming increased channel separation and better diffusion of the sound.

The trend toward new and harder speaker-cone materials has accelerated since last year. Reason: the stiffness of these new materials prevents "breakup," a major source of speaker distortion, and permits the cone to act as a more perfect "piston." Some manufacturers are changing not only the material but the form of the cone, to produce a flat front.

JansZen has a new design intended to decrease the bulk and cost of their electrostatic tweeters; their latest model places a single electrostatic panel at right angles to the listener between two exponential reflectors, diffusing the sound without the need for the usual bank of separately aimed panels.

Headphones—another answer to listening where space is a problem—have grown in popularity; fewer models than last year will be exhibited, but more and more tuners and amplifiers sport front-panel headphone jacks. Koss will introduce their first new model in several years, the PRO-4 Professional, with liquid-filled ear cushions.

AT the opposite end of the audio chain, some record players are growing smaller (notably the Weathers Synchromatic 66, a turntable and base only two inches high, and the KLH 11 portable), but the most important trend is the continuing one to lighter tracking weights (and less record wear). Where five or six grams was the standard two years ago, two grams is now common, and some cartridges and arms can track at one-half gram.

EMI is showing their viscous-damped EPU 100 integrated arm-cartridge, with a pick-up head whose compliance and effective mass have been accurately matched to the damping of the arm suspension in the EMI labs. Tracking at 2.5 grams, the EPU 100 rotates on a single bearing point, and is adjusted for the "minimum distortion" angle, rather than for "minimum tracking error." The arm incorporates a hydraulic lowering and raising device, a real boon in this feather-weight area where arms seem to float tantalizingly out of the user's grasp.

Empire's "Troubador" turntable will be rotating in mid-air again to demonstrate the dynamic balance of their arm, which this year bears a new cartridge, the 880p. Tracking at one-quarter gram, the 880p holds the lightweight title for now, and claims virtually to eliminate record wear.

Even the packaged-console manufacturers are mounting the bandwagon: Zenith will show a new changer with two-gram tracking as well as belt drive, a pop-up stylus brush, and other ingenious features.

KLH takes a second venture beyond its specialized skill in loudspeakers with the KLH 11, a twenty-six-pound, transistorized stereo portable phonograph with Garrard changer, Pickering cartridge, a fifteen-watt transistorized amplifier with auxiliary inputs, and newly developed loudspeakers. In transit, the cover locks the changer mechanism in place, and the unit is covered by a five-year guarantee.

Transistors bring the trend toward the light and compact into the field of electronics. For the purist, Omega's solid-state tuner even has a transistorized tuning indicator, and Harman-Kardon's Citation "A" is a thirty-three-transistor stereo preamplifier with a virtually flat response (from one to one million cycles per second). Heath offers a seventy-watt, transformerless, semiconductor amplifier with bimetal circuit breakers replacing fuses and the less-often-used controls behind a foldaway panel (a decorator feature shared by the Fisher X-101-C). And Eric has transistorized preamplifiers in some of its integrated units for better matching to tape heads and magnetic pick-ups.

In the kit field there are two strong trends: the growing use of transistors and the growing number of kit lines from manufacturers who made their names with assembled equipment. Harman-Kardon is adding the "Award" series components to their kit models, and Sherwood, too, is joining Scott and Fisher as a kit manufacturer.

Dynaco is dressing up its present Dynakit preamplifier and tuner with optional, extruded-aluminum front panels, and showing two new additions to their line: a thirty-five-watt stereo power amplifier small enough to fit behind their present preamp or tuner, and

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their first integrated amp-preamp, another thirty-five-watter.

Heath will show the first FM portable radio in kit form, but the ultimate entertainment kits will be the Transvision color television kit, available complete or as a series of seven packages for "pay-as-you-wire" assembly. A color TV study course is optional.

FM multiplex is giving a big boost to both FM and stereo; as many as 300 stations may be multiplexing by the end of the year. New York's twenty-four-hour multiplex station, WTFM, will broadcast a 110-hour stereothon from the show, beginning at ten A.M. Wednesday (an hour before the press ribbon-cutting ceremony) and continuing around the clock to midnight on Saturday.

With all this interest in multiplex, it is no surprise that every tuner manufacturer will display a multiplex tuner or adaptor, or both. Nearly every multiplex set-up now features an indicator light to mark stereo broadcasts—Sherwood offers a stereo light for tuners without this feature—and many have automatic switching as well. Scott uses an audible indicator.

Marantz will unveil a new tuner with an oscilloscope tuning indicator showing tuning accuracy, signal strength, frequency deviation, and multipath distortion—the latter to help align rotating antennas correctly. The IF section of their tuner will never need realignment, even after tube changes.

Multiplex broadcasts are increasing public interest in stereo taping, too. Many tuners now incorporate filters to eliminate beat-frequencies caused by interaction of the multiplex pilot tone and tape recorder bias frequencies, and Viking offers such a filter as an accessory.

The new Wollensak 1580 is a highly attractive unit with a new control panel designed with the convenience of both male and female users in mind. Concertone introduces a new transistorized portable with a built-in radio and many professional features, and a new model with plug-in heads and other innovations.

Citroen Electronics, a new firm, presents a two-speed heavy-duty transistorized portable recorder, and a universal rack for hanging portable recorders in automobiles. Dual, known already for their changers, introduces a three-speed portable stereo recorder, and Norelco goes them one better with a transistorized four-speed model, using an ultra-low speed of 15/16 inches per second.

These and many other exhibits will all be on display from 3:30 to 10:30 on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and 11 A.M.-11 P.M. on Saturday.

Directory

(Numbers at the end of an entry indicate the room or rooms in which items are displayed.)

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. Loudspeakers, turntables. 340-341-343.

ADVANCED ACOUSTICS CO. Solid state high-fidelity products, wide-range speaker systems. New Planar 1⅝ in.-deep systems; combination solid state amplifier with Planar speakers. 307.

AMERICAN CONCERTONE, INC. Stereo tape recorders. New model 605 stereo tape recorder. 441.

AMERICAN SINTRONICS. Unified stereo speaker systems. New Stereo Multiplier bookshelf system. Large unified systems. 322-323.

AMPEX CORP. Magnetic tape recorders. New "Fine Line" 1200 series 4-track stereo tape-recorder/reproducers; series PR-10 professional stereo recorder. 651-652.

AUDIO DYNAMICS CORP. Cartridges, arms, speaker systems. New line of loudspeaker systems. 446.

AUDIO ORIGINALS. Hi-fi/stereo cabinets. Models 202, 303, 336.

BELL SOUND DIVISION. Hi-fi components and Tape Transport. New model T347 Tape Transport, 2- and 4-track; 2419 FM stereo tuner with sentry light. 348.

BENJAMIN ELECTRONIC SOUND CORP. Truvox stereo tape deck and Miracord record player. New Truvox model PD-96 4-track stereo tape recorder/playback. 320-321.

BOGEN COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION. Components. New line of moderate-price components: RP60 (AM-FM) and RPF60 (FM) stereo receivers, TP250 FM tuner, AP250 (50-watt) and AP30 (30-watt) stereo amplifiers. 502-524-503.

R. T. BOZAK MANUFACTURING CO. Speakers, speaker systems, enclosures, cabinets. New cabinet stylings. 333-335.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES CORP. Wharfedale loudspeakers and speaker systems; Garrard record players; Gold Lion custom tubes. Wharfedale Achromatic speaker systems W40, W60, W70; new W90 3-way. 13 Gold Lion tubes. New versions of Garrard A and AT6. 330-331.

BURGESS BATTERY CO. Magnetic tape. New lengths for transistor portables and for taping LP records; tape merchandising arrangements. 445.

CITROEN ELECTRONICS CORP. Portable tape recorders. New model 550 2-track portable with 3-in. reels; model 660 with additional 2 speakers. 504.

DYNACO, INC. Amplifiers, tuners, etc., assembled and as kits. B&O portable radio. New SCA-35 amplifier-preamplifier; Stereo 35 amplifier; B&O 200 stereo microphone. 422-402.

EICO ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENT CO. INC. Kits and components. New RP100 transistorized 4-track stereo/mono tape deck; ST97 FM mpx tuner; test equipment. 522-518.

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. Loudspeakers, loudspeaker systems, tape recording microphones. Complete display of speakers, crossover networks, level controls, related components. New Regina thin-line speaker system; new Patrician, Georgian, Marquis, Regency, Esquire systems and enclosures. 424.

ELPA MARKETING INDUSTRIES, INC. Thorens turntables and tone arms, Ortofon cartridges and tone arms. New Thorens BTD-12S tone arm with cueing device; Ortofon universal cartridge. 325.

EMPIRE SCIENTIFIC CORP. Record playback system. New "Troubador" system with 880p caetridge and 980 arm 640.

ERCONA CORP. Amplifiers, tuners, speaker systems, tape recorders, microphones. New Leak Piston-Action speaker system, Point One stereo control center, Stereo 60 amplifier, Mark IV FM tuner with mpx output. 302.

ERIC ELECTRONICS CORP. Components. New model 5761MX receiver, model 3457MX FM mpx tuner, model 3157-MX AM-FM mpx tuner, MX600D adapter. 520-521.

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT. New F7 cartridge with low mass moving coil. 433.

FISHER RADIO CORP. Consoles and components. New consoles; new X-

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Recordings in Review

Horowitz—"vital, full of impulse . . ."

Horowitz in Stride

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B flat minor.* RACHMANINOFF: *"Etudes-Tableaux" (C, E flat).* SCHUMANN: *"Arabesque."* LISZT: *Rhapsody No. 19, Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Columbia KS 6371, $6.98.

It has been said before, but it can be said again—for the supreme interpreter, who has mastered every challenge of his instrument and a sizable portion of its literature, there remains one challenge which is ever-new and unresolved: mastery of self. For one of the high standards and personal complexities of Vladimir Horowitz, time may be less an ally than an enemy, and the accomodation of self to its demands even more of a struggle than the acquisition of mastery in the first place.

Thus the awaited appearance of his first disc for Columbia—his first in three years, and the first he has ever made under any auspices other than those of Victor or its European affiliates—carried with it implications beyond the ordinary. How would it match to the only standard he need concern himself with—his own? Would it strive to match the glories of yesterday, or merge them with today's realities?

The best news about it, to my way of listening, is that the artist in Horowitz remains vital, full of impulse and the urge to communicate. The playing of the Chopin sonata is more inward and meaningful than on some past occasions, the quest for simplicity of statement and shades of meaning stronger. Perhaps he doesn't play the first and last movements as daemonically as he once did: but who could imagine a lovelier phrasing of the songful trio of the scherzo, or a more powerfully restrained statement of the funeral march?

To speak of it, and the playing of the shorter pieces on Side Two, in terms of piano performance alone would be to miss the subtler values, the deeper undercurrents of meaning in this introduction to a new phase of Horowitz's artistry. Pianistically speaking, "anybody" can perform the notes of the Schumann "Arabesque" as "everybody" can the Chopin sonata. But it is the miraculous adjustment of force and speed that breathes life into every note, the sense of wistfulness and longing conveyed without bathos or sentimentality that charms the ear in a way that only a master can.

Thus, whether he plays the Nineteenth Rhapsody as fast as he did in the past, or the "Etudes-Tableaux" with more or less stormy grandeur, seems to me beside the point (though I cannot think of another pianist who could match the present performances). Repose, eloquence, insight—these things which cannot be taught—may be bought at the price (metaphorically, at least) of gray hairs and wrinkles, or not at all. For artistry of this quality, this is more than just a fair exchange—it's a bargain.

Candor compels the observation that the price put on the record is anything but a bargain. Packaging, artwork, and documentation are all impressive—but why not a plain container (and a lower price) for those who want *only* the music? The engineers have utilized the challenge of putting the Horowitz sound on record as an opportunity for supercraftsmanship.

Six by Bartok

BARTOK: *Quartets, Nos. 1-6. Hungarian Quartet.* Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138650-52, $20.94.

As a graphic guide to the evolution and development of Béla Bartók's sizable stature as a composer, nothing can approach, in detail and vividness, this group of six quartets. Spaced out over the years from 1910 to 1939, they have the particular interest of conveying the composer's increasing grasp of substance through the same "limited" means of four strings ("limited" that is, if one is thinking in terms of orchestral colors and mass, but unlimited in the directness of their appeal to the listener).

In No. 1 for example, the model clearly is Beethoven, the context an idealistic expression of the creative impulse of a man not yet thirty. It is a work of character and high resource, not yet completely Bartók. In No. 2, of 1917, his attention had clearly been magnetized by Stravinsky, whose rhythmic innovations erupt on schedule, like an Old Faithful of music. Nos. 3 and 4 (1927 and 1928) strike me as a struggle on Bartók's part to carve something distinctively his own out of the innovations and experimentations that were absorbing his contemporaries and himself in that decade.

In No. 5 (of 1934), I hear a reversion to some earlier modes of thought as well as anticipations of things to come in the Concerto for Orchestra, the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, the last concerti, etc. The folk element begins to show itself once more, but in a reminiscent, more stylized way. And reminiscent, too, of certain influences of his earlier years are suggestions of Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben" which may or may not be deliberate. Finally, in No. 6 of 1939, we have a full-circle return to the earlier aesthetic, now matured, refined, hardened even, to an expression as powerful as it is appealing.

The Hungarian ensemble is at least the fourth to present the cycle on the phonograph (others by the Juilliard, Parrenin, and Fine Arts Quartets preceded). On the balance of sound and sense, theirs is as good as any and better than all but the Juilliard. Their particular triumph, in works which contain so much that is superficially dynamic and detaining, is to relate these values to the deeper underlying ones of personality and meaning. The playing throughout is impressively exact yet full bodied. The reproduction could hardly be better.

Mercury in Moscow

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 3.* RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 1. Byron Janis, piano, with the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Kyril Kondrashin.* Mercury SR 90300, $5.98.

Does a good recording made in one country differ from a good recording made in another country? Only to the extent, one would reply, that it reflects the atmosphere, the conditions, the sound of the music as it was recreated in one place rather than in another. In that respect, Mercury's venture into

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Moscow with the encouragement of the USSR may be termed an unqualified success: for neither Janis nor the conductor and orchestra with which he performs would sound elsewhere precisely as they do here in the Great Hall of the Tchaikovsky Conservatory.

There is, to begin with, the sound of the piano itself (identified, by one of those who did the job, as a German-made Steinway of contemporary origin). It is rather duller in sound than those we are accustomed to hearing, not nearly so brilliant in its voicing as the American counterparts, with a somewhat muffled bass. As the nuclear element of the total sound, it naturally has an influence on the amount of brilliance permissible in the orchestra. What Mercury has done is to bring back a vivid document of the way music sounds in this space, but I find it frequently shallow, lacking the ring and vitality, for example, of the same team's work with Richter in London's Walthamstow Hall.

However, this is no indictment of the performances themselves, and especially of the freedom and warmth of Janis's own efforts. Virtuosity has always been his, since his Carnegie Hall debut of 1948, but he has now brought his interpretative concepts closer abreast of the sound he is capable of producing. Perversely, the Kondrashin-led Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff are more refined, less boisterous than some performances that have been heard on, and off, discs from non-Russians. Janis responds beautifully to the opportunities thus afforded, much to the gain of his artistic stature.

Red Alert for Nielsen

NIELSEN: *Sonata, Opus 35; Prelude and Theme with Variations, Opus 48; Preludio e Presto, Opus 52. Kai Laursen, violin, with Eyvind Moller, piano.* Washington WLP 462, $4.98.

For all who consider themselves devotees of Nielsen, the instruction today would be: "Act now or forever hold your peace." The material being what it is, and the source of supply presumably not being inexhaustible, how long this disc remains available would be anybody's guess. Moreover, it is likely to attract the attention of more than the devotees, both for its content and the manner of its performance.

Like much of Nielsen's music, these works for violin have a certain roughness of exterior, an outer shell which the listener must penetrate by his own perseverance to get at the inner core of meaning. In other words, this is not

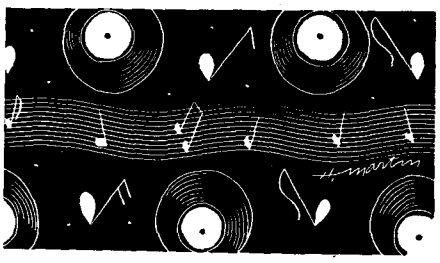
(*Continued on page* 57)

Handel for Voice and Keyboard

AT ROME in 1707, when Handel was twenty-one and handsome and popular with musicians and ladies, and absorbing Italy through every pore as perhaps only a Northerner can, he made a setting for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra of Psalm CIX, "Dixit Dominus Domino meo." It is a brilliant, vivacious, very un-Teutonic piece, full of bouncing rhythms, extended passages of coloratura, and wonderfully intricate passagework. And since the so-called "Handel Renaissance" began in Germany in the 1920s, the "Dixit Dominus" has been mentioned often by Handel commentators and biographers. Performances of this youthful masterpiece, however, have remained singularly rare. Then recently Cantate issued a nonstereophonic recording of it (640202, $5.95), and one's hopes were high. Those hopes have proved justified by the playing of the Berlin Bach-Orchester and the singing of the Chor der Kirchenmusikschule Halle, under the direction of Eberhard Wenzel. The general, overall effectiveness of the piece is well served by them.

But this production also has two soloists—and, alas, has had an "editor." The soprano Ingeborg Reichelt and the alto Lotte Wolf-Matthäus both possess reasonably pretty voices. But neither of them has the technical command—the control of breathing, or the supernal agility—to cope with Handel's florid lines, much less to release the expressiveness imprisoned in them. Also (and perhaps because of the soloists' limitations), "in the present recording, with the exception of the two arias and the first movement, a small choral group performs the solo part." What, one cannot help wondering, would these eminent gentlemen think of a performance of, say "Der Freischütz," in which a small choral group performed the role of Agathe? That it falsified and distorted Weber's intentions and creation? Well, that is what the substitution of choral for solo singing has done to Handel's "Dixit Dominus." The disc is, then, enjoyable in part—especially as the monaural recording was accomplished handsomely. But a genuine recorded version of Handel's setting of Psalm CIX as he composed it in Rome more than two and a half centuries ago remains to be made.

No charge of scholarly inexactness can be made against the five-disc recording of all sixteen of Handel's Suites for harpsichord just issued by Expériences Anonymes (EA 500, $24.90). Paul Wolfe is the harpsichordist, and he knows how to fill out as living music the shorthand notes that Handel published. Mr. Wolfe is technically impeccable, though given a little to monotony of registration (perhaps out of mistaken piety). No performer in his right mind, of course, would play all sixteen of these Suites at a recital. Nor would any audience in its right mind remain in the auditorium if he did. It is neither Handel's fault, then, nor Paul Wolfe's that a reviewer well may find himself weary by about the second side of the third record. Even with so much of a muchness, however, great individual movements stand out in a glowing light. Among them, as here performed and recorded, are the Fugue of the D minor Suite (No. 3); the Air with Variations of the E major Suite (No. 5), to which Alec Robertson, the writer of the accompanying leaflet, is unduly patronizing because someone nicknamed it "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and because it long has been popular; the Gigue of the G minor



Suite (No. 9); the Allemande of the G major Suite (No. 14)—to which Mr. Robertson is equally patronizing; and —above all—the moving Sarabande and tremendous Passacaglia of the G minor Suite (No. 7), which Mr. Wolfe closes with a very Handelian and in-the-style cadenza of his own, thus following in the footsteps of Handel himself.

These five records, then, are a treasury. Like most treasuries, however, they are meant to be dipped into, not used whole on every occasion. Otherwise the danger arises that this very fine recording may come to seem like an eight-course banquet with the same sort of dish brought in each time.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia MS 6366, $5.98.	Serkin has now recorded the "Emperor" three times, each time with some increment of interest over the time before. Perhaps this relates to the spacing of time between these "takes" (though stereo has been in since 1958, this appears to be Serkin's first version in that technique of the "Emperor"), so there is growth as well as change to be observed in his conception. Here he is inclined less to sheer physical stress than in his last (with Ormandy, whose orchestra may impose such stress, even if the conductor doesn't), more to vivacity and spirit that complement the strong strains of thought and emotion in the playing. Largely, too, Bernstein maintains a chamber music relationship with the soloist, and furthers the drama and power of Serkin's conception in the passages for orchestra alone.
Berlioz: "Harold in Italy." William Lincer, viola, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. Columbia MS 6358, $5.98.	Lincer does his work with fine sound and musicianship, with rather more repose and narrative power than the treatment of the orchestral score by Bernstein. The latter's effort has many good moments, but a rather unsettled progression from section to section, movement to movement. Prevailingly, his dynamic contrasts are extreme rather than merely well marked, his reading of some key forte passages rather more explosive than the context warrants. At the pace he prefers, the pilgrims trot rather than merely march by in the second movement, and the "Orgy of the Brigands" escalates excitement to hysteria. On the whole a lesser performance than the Munch-Primrose, and not nearly so good as the Markevitch-Kirchner (Berlin Philharmonic) which is currently the best of all. There are lots of good effects in the stereo reproduction.
Bruch: "Scottish Fantasy." Vieuxtemps: Concerto No. 5 in A, Opus 37. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the New Symphony of London conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2603, $4.98/5.98.	Neither of these is new to the recorded repertory of Heifetz: indeed, his previous recording of the Vieuxtemps was also made with Sargent (Steinberg directed the orchestra in the earlier "Scottish Fantasy"). What is strikingly apparent, however, is that Heifetz's violinistic art as he enters his sixties is richer in tone, glowing with more colors than when he was leaving his forties. At that rate, his next versions (say a decade hence) should be something to dazzle the ears. For the while, however, it should suffice to say that while all sorts of pretenders are knocking at the door of the throne room, the king still reigns. The technical work in the Bruch is especially fine.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 7 in E. Wagner: "Siegfried Idyll." Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 3636B, $9.96, S-3636B, $11.96.	This is not only one of the best recordings Klemperer has made in his recent period of intensive work with the Philharmonia, but as fine a representation of a Bruckner symphony as the phonograph can offer. For a detail, Klemperer elects to take the alternative offered by an ambiguous marking in the score ("gilt nicht," or "cancelled") and omit the clatter of cymbals and triangle at measure 177 of the slow movement. This, for me, eliminates a coarse, bumptious effect always at variance with the spacious eloquence of this superb movement. And, as Klemperer shapes it, molds it, breathes life into it, the climax is inherent in the statement itself without extraneous emphasis. To be noted, in particular, is the clean, strong line of sound Klemperer insists on throughout rather than the indulgent overblowing some conductors deem suitable to Bruckner. I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the "Siegfried Idyll," especially as it is performed by the preferab complement of players (sixteen) Wagner had in mind. However it is precisely in this respec. that the performance disappoints—too much of a restraining hand by the conductor, too little freedom for the players. In both works, the reproduced sound ranks high in clarity and balance.
Gluck-Mottl: Ballet Suite No. 1; Schubert: "Rosamunde" Overture, Entr'acte (No. 3) and Ballet (No. 2). Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35746, $5.98.	The finesse and light touch which were prominent in the musical disposition of Kempe when he first appeared in the mid-Fifties is only occasionally evident in these performances—to best advantage in the "Rosamunde" Entr'acte (B flat) and Ballet (G). But in the Overture (the C major "Zauberharfe" commonly utilized in this context) and rather more distressingly in the Mottl arrangement of Gluck, he is inclined to a heaviness and indiscrimination which are no credit to him or the music. This is regrettable, for Kempe seems to have exchanged a personal style of his own for a very generalized kind of generalship. The Mottl suite, for those to whom the number is uninformative, includes excerpts from "Don Juan," "Iphigénie en Aulide" ("Air gai and lento," "Air gai"), "Orpheus" ("Dance of the Blessed Spirits"), and "Armide" ("Musette").
Milhaud: "La Création du Monde," "Suite provençale." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LDS 2825, $6.98.	Spiritually, Munch has more affinity with the provençale aspect of Milhaud than he has with the product of his early enthusiasm for the timbres and rhythms of jazz. The latter are carefully enough related to each other within a conventional framework of tonal values, but the color and pulse from which they are derived are undervalued. Hence the blend of elements is dominated by the workmanship with which Milhaud organized his impressions rather than the cut and character of the materials. However, the sonorities and tonalities of the "Suite provençale" are beautifully recreated. Noteworthy, too, is the recorded sound produced under the supervision of Max Wilcox, more distinctively "Boston Symphony" than has sometimes been heard in the past.
Mozart: "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," Overtures to "Der Schauspieldirektor," Così fan tutte," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Die Zauberflöte"; Masonic Funeral Music. Bruno Walter conducting. Columbia MS 6356, $5.98.	Despite any impressions to the contrary, none of these is a reissue; all are among the last recordings by the late Walter. Indeed, with the exception of "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," which was made in 1958, the contents of the discs date from his very last sessions in March, 1961. Contrary to chronology, the latter have much more verve and impetus than the former, which finds Walter in one of his too, too lovely moods of self-indulgence. But the "Schauspieldirektor" ("Impresario") may acquaint some who do not know it with a work of true Mozartian quality despite its neglect, and the "Così" performance is perhaps the best since the one by Fritz Busch in his Glyndebourne set. The sound throughout has been well equalized.
Mozart: Concerto in A (K. 219); Bach: Concerto in E. Erica Morini, violin, with Frederic Waldman conducting. Decca DL 710053, $5.98.	This is what might be described as "violinist's Mozart," which is to say that it is beautiful in sound, but violin playing first, Mozart second. Slow passages (such as the introduction to the first movement, and the adagio) are stretched to sluggish lengths, and all sorts of violinistic effects alien to the style (slides, spiccatos, etc.) are imposed on the composer. As for the finale, it is stretched over the end of the first side and the beginning of the second at inordinate length due to Miss Morini's leisurely tempo. The Bach is rather better regulated, though without real distinction. Waldman does his work well, and the ensemble is made up of able players.
Strauss, J.: "Feuerfest," "Tritsch-Tratsch," etc., polkas, "Roses from the South," "Wine, Woman and Song" and "Thousand and One Nights" waltzes. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6352, $5.98.	Ormandy works hard to make this succession of pieces conform to the description of "stereo sound spectacular" with which it is billed. However, the harder he works, the more distant the results from those appropriate to J. Strauss. For, after all, the bell clangs in the "Feuerfest," the battery in the "Thunder and Lightning," the shots in "Auf der Jagd" are mere punctuation of those conceits, not the sum and/or the substance of them. —Irving Kolodin.

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Knoxville Revisited

By OLIVER DANIEL

THE CONCLUDING paragraphs of an autobiographical essay by James Agee which first appeared in the *Partisan Reader* in 1946 and later as part of his Pulitzer-prize-winning "Death in the Family" constitute the text for Samuel Barber's evocative cantata "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" for soprano and orchestra. The setting was commissioned by soprano Eleanor Steber and was performed by her for the first time in 1948 with Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its lyric appeal won the affection of the audience, and a recording was made and released by Columbia in 1950; William Strickland conducted the Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra.

Despite Steber's popularity, performances of "Knoxville" were not too frequent and it became known primarily through the recording. It revealed all of Barber's familiar qualities: the long-lined melodic contours, the tasteful sense of orchestration, the absence of any striving toward artificial "modernity." Steber's performance was memorable. But, with the deletion of all 10-inch discs from the catalogue, "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" became a collector's item.

Since none of the major (or minor for that matter) companies seemed eager to rerecord this minor masterpiece of Barber's, it fell upon Steber herself to do so. Under her aegis a new recording has been made by Stand, a company of which she is co-founder. The name "Stand" is anagrammatically drawn from STeber and ANDrews, her married name. She has wisely coupled "Knoxville" with "Songs of the Rose of Sharon" by John La Montaine, and both were recorded during a concert given on January 13, 1962, in Trenton, New Jersey (SLP 420, $4.98). The Greater Trenton Symphony plays adequately, and its conductor Nicholas Harsanyi leads them with sympathy and skill. Steber's voice remains fresh and clear, and her enunciation is clean and distinct. The text is easily followed even without reference to the printed version which is conveniently included on the jacket. The tempo of the new disc is more relaxed and it is actually a little more than three minutes longer than the earlier recording. The accompanying "Songs of the Rose of Sharon" by La Montaine are of considerable charm. They are conventional, sonorous, and effective. Pleasantly eclectic (in an agreeable sense) the cycle of songs is a well chosen coupling, and Steber sings them with warmth and fervor.

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MOZART: REQUIEM, K.626. "The best Mozart Requiem since years ago!"—Leo Lerman, Playbill. Wilma Lipp, Hilde Rössl-Majdan, Anton Dermota, Walter Berry, Vienna Singverein; Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, Conductor. Latin-English text.
LPM 18 767 stereo: SLPM 138 767

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER: PIANO RECITAL. "Superlative . . . elegant . . . totally ravishing performances." — Chicago American. Prokofiev, Sonata No. 8; Haydn, Sonata No. 44 in G minor; Chopin, Ballade No. 3; Debussy, Selections from Preludes I. Recorded in London.
LPM 18 766 stereo: SLPM 138 766

New—This Month

WEBER: DER FREISCHÜTZ — HIGHLIGHTS. Irmgard Seefried, Rita Streich, Kurt Böhme, Richard Holm, Eberhard Waechter; Eugen Jöchum, Conductor.
LPEM 19 221 stereo: SLPEM 136 221

DVORAK: CELLO CONCERTO. Pierre Fournier, Cello; Berlin Philharmonic, George Szell, Conductor.
LPM 18 755 stereo: SLPM 138 755

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LPM 18 715 stereo: SLPM 138 715

WILHELM KEMPFF PLAYS MOZART. Piano Sonatas, K.310 & K.331. Fantasias, K.397 & K.475.
LPM 18 707 stereo: SLPM 138 707

LISZT: FESTIVAL MASS, "Graner." Soloists & Budapest Choral Society; Budapest State Orchestra, Janos Ferencsik, Conductor.
LPM 18 646 stereo: SPLM 138 646

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU: Songs of Franz Liszt. Jörg Demus, Piano.
LPM 18 793 stereo: SLPM 138 793

RITA STREICH: Songs by Brahms, Schumann & Richard Strauss; Günther Weissenborn, Piano
LPM 18 716 stereo: SLPM 138 716

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sinfonias from Cantata No. 156 and Easter Oratorio; Fiocco: Arioso; Pierné: "Aubade"; Franck: Andantino; Templeton, A.: Scherzo Caprice, Siciliana; Senaillé: "Entrée et Cotillon"; Richardson: "Roundelay," etc. Leon Goossens, oboe, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel S 35794, $5.98.	Tired of "sound spectaculars"? Troubled with ringing noises in the head? Then you are commended to a full treatment of Goossens's "Elixir d'hautbois," a mixture of secret reeds, guile, and magic incantations guaranteed to refresh any musical palate. The substance for this recitation (the "etc." refers to brief pieces by such minor composers as Grat-Norbert Barthe, John Morgan Nicholas, F. S. Kelly, and Herbert Hughes) is hardly imposing, but, in combination with Moore, Goossens shows that there can be impact in playing at low dynamic levels as well as high. The recording is notable for its differentiation in detail.
Bach: "Zerfliesse, mein Herze" ("St. John Passion"), "Ich will dir mein Herze schenken," "Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben" ("St. Matthew Passion"); Handel: "He shall feed His flock," "I know that my Redeemer liveth" ("Messiah"), "O! had I Jubal's lyre" ("Joshua"); Haydn: "With verdure clad," "On mighty pinions" ("The Creation"), "O welcome now, ye groves and bow'rs" ("The Seasons"); Mendelssohn: "Hear ye, Israel" ("Elijah"). Maria Stader, soprano, with the Munich Bach Orchestra conducted by Karl Richter DGG SLPEM 136261, $6.98.	Obviously designed for home consumption, this disc is no more acceptable to an international audience than a collection of German lieder sung in English would be in Germany. For, without consideration of the composer's intention, all the works are performed with German texts. This is a special iniquity in that, with the exception of the Bach excerpts, all the music is better known with *English* texts than otherwise. Miss Stader's admired musicality is inherent in all the performances, but the vocal strain of getting out "Had I Jubal's lyre" in German is a complicating factor even for one of her vocal control. Richter's Bach-beat is more than a little rigid for Haydn, Handel, and Mendelssohn. The recording is good.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Opus 28 ("Pastoral"), Opus 81a ("Les Adieux"), and Opus 31, No. 2 ("Tempest"). Andor Foldes, piano. DGG SLPM 138784, $6.98.	If persistence alone makes a Beethoven "authority," then Foldes may come to that state eventually, but it will be in spite of a limited range of pianistic color, a pedantic treatment of nuance and dynamics, and a reading, on the temperature scale of temperament, hovering about 56-57. In short, beyond the ability to articulate most of the notated passages in time and good order, Foldes makes me little aware of why these works are considered consequential music. He comes closest in "Les Adieux," especially the slow movement, which has mood and expressivity, but the finale is merely fast, not exuberant. It would have suited my taste better had the side break occurred in one of the other works (if at all) rather than between the first and second movements of Opus 81a.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco: "Platero and I" (excerpts); Frescobaldi: Passacaglia, Corrente; *Sor*: Studies Nos. 3 and 17; Weiss, S.: Fantasie; Donostía, J.: "Dolor"; Debussy: "La fille aux cheveux de lin." Andrés Segovia, guitar. Decca DL 71005, $5.98.	In their original conception, Castelnuovo-Tedesco's setting of the Nobel prize-winning (1956) poems of Juan Ramon Jiménez utilized a narrator as well as the guitar. However, in this selection of five from the total of twenty-eight, Segovia's artistry is quite sufficient to communicate the music's content. This is especially meaningful in "La Arrulladora" (lullaby), a work of great charm as well as harmonic ingenuity. The overside pieces show a more familiar aspect of Segovia's abilities which, however, can never become overfamiliar. Of special interest are the works of Sylvius Weiss (1686-1750) and José Antonio Zulaica y Arregui de Donastía (1886-1957).
Liszt: "Graner Messe." Maria Werner, soprano; Olga Szönyi, alto; Alfonz Bartha, tenor; Andras Farago, bass, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Janos Ferencsik. DGG 138646, $6.98.	If this work sounds like a cross-breeding of "Les Préludes" and the "Faust" Symphony, the reason is simple: it is a product of the same Weimar period (the early one) of Liszt's life, completed in the mid-1850s. As an occasional creation for the dedication of the Basilica in Gran, Hungary, it has a share of temporal interest, but it is difficult to take seriously today the kind of religiosity it embodies. Wagner's absorption of certain of its musical procedures for the purposes of "Parsifal" carries its own comment on the theatrical atmosphere it conveys. For one unversed in its values, this sounds like a good performance, though the pickup is a little distant and the sound fades out at low volume.
Mozart: Requiem. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic; the Vienna Singverein; and Wilma Lipp, soprano, Hilde Rössl-Majdan, Anton Dermota, tenor, and Walter Berry, bass. DGG 138767, $6.98.	This effort is notable for the finely blended sound of the solo quartet (though Rössl-Majdan lets the performance down rather sadly late on the second side) and the refinement and discrimination of the musical execution under the direction of Karajan. However, it doesn't sound to me that he ever achieves a temperamental fusion between the Viennese vocalists and the Berlin instrumentalists. There is no real devotional fervor in the "Dies irae" or the "Lacrimosa," or supplication in the "Agnus Dei," resulting in a rather bland dissertation on the musical construction of the Requiem but not much evocation of its meaning.
Mozart: Sonatas in A (K. 331) and A minor (K. 310); Fantasias in C minor (K. 475) and D minor (K. 397). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG 138707, $6.98.	By most standards of Mozart playing, Kempff's is heavy in pressure, rather massive in sound, angular in rhythmic accent and phraseology. Such inclinations are a special liability in the A major sonata, with its lightly traced variations, menuet, and rondo "alla turca," though there is no doubt that Kempff imparts exactly the character of his choice to them, whether that accords with the listener's preference or not. In the fantasias, however, he penetrates to a good deal more common ground with the average listener's, particularly in the C minor. His analytic mind and attentive eye for detail organize its elements in a sequence more convincing than is commonly heard.
Schumann: Quartet in A (Opus 41, No. 3); Stravinsky: Three Pieces for String Quartet. Quartetto Italiano. Angel S 35733, $5.98.	The Italianos do well with the songful content of the Schumann quartet which is, by much, its most distinguished entity. In the case of the Adagio molto it is the substance of a movement which few quartet writers of any time have surpassed, and Paolo Borciani and his associates (Elisa Pegreffi, second violin; Piero Farulli, viola; and Franco Rossi, cello) perform it in that spirit. However, the group is less responsive to the special accent of Schumann's rhythmic writing in the scherzoish second movement and the finale, which somewhat undervalues these sections relative to the others. The three Stravinsky inventions have little to do with the idiom and resources of four strings, but the players do that little well. Fine incisive recording.
Wagner: Wesendonck Lieder; "Immolation" Scene ("Götterdämmerung"). Eileen Farrell, soprano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia MS 6353, $5.98. Wesendonck Lieder; "Ich sah das Kind" ("Parsifal"), "Eine Waffe lass mich," "Der Männer Sippe" ("Die Walküre"), "Elsa's Traum" and "Euch Lüften" (Lohengrin). Regine Crespin, soprano, with the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française conducted by Georges Pêtre. Angel 35832, $4.98.	In the two works in which they overlap, the results are of a quality which does honor to both singers, though their inclinations are somewhat divergent. Miss Farrell, who had been over this ground years ago in a recording with Leopold Stokowski, musters a remarkably refined and intimate feeling for the texts as well as the musical line, which reminds one of her finest efforts (in the Angel song recitals). Crespin's treatment is somewhat more operatic—a fuller voice and more display of it, less a communication than an enactment of the content. However, this French singer (soon to be heard at the Metropolitan) commands a fine sound, and when she is wholly in command of the repertory to which she is now devoting herself, she should make many friends with it. At the moment, her treatment of the excerpts (not "arias" as the cover ignorantly describes them) from "Lohengrin" and "Walküre" suggests that she is still feeling her way with their dramatic content, though the vocal sound is always good. She is closer to the quality of the "Wesendonck" lieder in the "Parsifal" segment, a finely phrased, well-sounding performance. —I. K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Shostakovitch at Edinburgh and on Discs

THE NEWS that Richter had suffered a stroke and would be unable to come to Britain as planned came as a severe blow to many who had been hoping to hear him at the Edinburgh Festival or during the forthcoming "Gala Week of Great Soviet Artists" at London's Festival Hall. London, indeed, suffered the more severe loss, for, out of the originally planned nine concerts, the three involving Richter—his chamber music evening with the Borodin Quartet, a solo recital, and his joint Beethoven recital with Rostropovitch—have been canceled altogether. At Edinburgh some programs had to be rearranged, and Lev Oborin arrived at the last minute to fulfill certain of Richter's engagements, but the Festival as a whole is too vast and too diverse for its success to depend on the presence of a single performer, however renowned.

Vast and diverse it certainly is, but, since the appointment of Lord Harewood as the Festival's artistic director, it has also acquired a sense of purpose previously felt to be lacking. Realizing that, to justify its existence, a festival must do more than cram large quantities of music, expertly performed, into a three-week period, he decided that each festival should provide us with a comprehensive survey of one main and one subsidiary composer. This year Shostakovitch was the central figure and, in the presence of the composer himself, we were given an unprecedented opportunity to study his considerable output of orchestral and chamber music.

The works performed included the Concertos for Violin and Cello, played by the two artists for whom they were written, most of the string quartets, and the great majority of his twelve symphonies. Two of the latter, Nos. 4 and 12, had never before been heard in this country. Both were superbly performed by the Philharmonia under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky; but, whereas the Twelfth Symphony—designed as a musical epic of the October Revolution—struck most of us as disappointingly commonplace and bombastic, the Fourth Symphony was clearly revealed as one of Shostakovitch's most exciting achievements.

Those who have followed the composer's career since the First Symphony made him famous overnight in the late Twenties will know the curious history of No. 4, which Shostakovitch withdrew on the eve of its première in 1936, after several earlier works—notably his opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtzensk"—had been violently criticized in the Stalinist press. The familiar Fifth Symphony brought him renewed official favor, but in many ways No. 4 strikes me as a more interesting and characteristic achievement, "bourgeois deviations" notwithstanding. We shall have another opportunity of assessing its worth at the Festival Hall on September 10, and it is to be hoped that EMI will seize this opportunity to record it for the first time.

HMV's September list does in fact contain a Shostakovitch symphony, but it is once more the much-recorded No. 5—rather superfluous, one feels, despite a perceptive reading by Silvestri and the Vienna Philharmonic, when No. 4 and, above all, the magnificent Eighth are still missing from the catalogue. (The latter, incidentally, was splendidly

(*Continued on page* 51)

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THE AMEN CORNER

Among the Pointed Firs

DURING my annual stay in Maine, I have enjoyed two modern jazz LPs which might be generally characterized as calm, lyrical, and conspicuous for their good taste. Taste, of course, is a loaded word (like love, spirituality, selflessness, etc.), and its use may easily lead to a semantic rhubarb. I do not propose to deliver a lecture on any vast subject during the next few sentences and will merely say that I use the word taste, in the present connection, to imply grace and clarity of musical line and freedom from extravaganza. Apollo is the guide here, not Dionysus. These LPs are not for those who ask jazz to be "far out" or "deeply probing" or agog with social protest. I hope they may delight those who like to hear a few sensitive players in relaxed and songful moods.

The trumpeter Dave Burns, a most delicate improviser, leads a quintet which includes Herbie Morgan, tenor sax; Steve Davis, bass; Kenny Baron, piano; and Edgar Bateman, drums (Vanguard VRS 9111). Burns's muted solo of "Secret Love," against a haunting piano vamp, is specially moving, a suggestion of ways in which many of the finest ballads might be treated. It fully exposes the quiet essence of the tune, the kind of tune which one often hears magnified into vapid horror by choirs of ornate strings or choral effects suggesting the Wellesley Glee Club in some mass swoon of calf love. The commercial music makers have, in general, never learned that there are certain modest yet memorable melodies which yield their treasures only through the most discreet handling, and it is splendid to hear a fine jazz man illustrate the fact. The Burns Quintet are heard in various spirits, beginning with a traditional blues, and their musicianship is warm and expert throughout.

The same may be said of The Dave Bailey Quintet, with Bailey at the drums; Bill Hardman, trumpet; Frank Haynes, tenor sax; Billy Gardner, piano; and Ben Tucker, bass (Epic LA 16021). The fact that the drummer is the leader of the band need occasion no fear of artillery effects; Bailey is all discretion, a model for the young men who infest so many expensive sets of drumming equipment. He is happy to be part of a thoroughly ingratiating rhythm section, and Hardman and Haynes, in the front line, are admirably bright and disciplined soloists. One entire side of the LP is taken up by two easy-rocking numbers in virtually the same middle tempo—a boon for those who like to dance. All in all, the music of the Burns and Bailey quintets is of a sort which, since it is not at all spectacular, gets much too little attention.

There is now a large memorial album entitled "Mildred Bailey: Her Greatest Performances: 1929-1946" comprising three LPs with a total of forty-eight tracks, plus highly informative personal notes and editing by John Hammond, Bing Crosby, Irving Townsend, Bucklin Moon, and Frank Driggs (Columbia C3L 22). At the height of her lovely and limited powers, with a good song and gifted accompaniment, her singing was one of the most beautiful things in American popular musical history. She had a small soprano voice of exceptional sweetness which she used with the utmost naturalness of phrasing and inflection. There was none of the phraseological distortion which has since become such a musical and public nuisance. She was not trying to capture with her voice any of the values specially pertaining to musical instruments; hers was a human voice in song. She sang in the lightly swinging rhythms of jazz, and, when the song suggested it, there was an hint of pathos unforgettable.

In the memorial album, her many changing accompanists include many of the best jazz men of her day. Sometimes they are heard to advantage, sometimes not. Some of the songs are classics; some are rubbish. In any case, Mildred Bailey usually does about as well as could be expected under the circumstances. I join John Hammond in thinking that the happiest combinations of voice, material, and musicians are to be found in the four sides Miss Bailey made with the intimate quartet of Bunny Berrigan, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Teddy Wilson, piano; and Grachan Moncur, bass. The tunes are "Honeysuckle Rose," "Willow Tree," "Squeeze Me," and "Downhearted Blues." But the singer also honors such favorites as "When Day Is Done," "Someday Sweetheart," "Rockin' Chair," "Don't Be That Way," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," and "Lover, Come Back to Me." And her supporting casts include Chu Berry, the Dorsey brothers, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, and Mary Lou Williams—just to begin the list.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 49

layed at Edinburgh by the Polish Radio Symphony under Jan Krenz.) EMI's new alliance with the American Epic label is made manifest this month by the appearance on Columbia of the première recording of Walton's Second Symphony. It is performed here by the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell—for whom Walton wrote the Partita, also included on this disc—and their superb playing has already drawn such epithets as "fantastic" and "stupendous" from the grateful composer. It is indeed a splendid disc, and it throws a favorable light on a work whose world première, at the 1960 Edinburgh Festival, failed to generate notable enthusiasm.

Among the new EMI releases we also find a Beecham miscellany which features, in addition to "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba" from Handel's "Solomon" and Mozart's "Seraglio" Overture (both extracted from the conductor's complete sets of the two works), a rather tame account of Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture and some characteristic confections derived from Handel—"The Gods Go a-Begging" and two movements from the "Amaryllis" Suite. Purist Handelians will shudder at the way in which Sir Thomas dressed up some of these enchanting airs and dances, but he almost disarms criticism by the shapeliness and insinuating grace of his performances. How dull, by comparison, seems Kempe's account of some of Schubert's "Rosamunde" music and the rather humdrum Gluck-Mottl Ballet Suite, listlessly played by the Vienna Philharmonic.

Decca issues already in hand include a rather strange Flagstad offering entitled "Hymns from Norway"—a collection of hymn tunes and chorale melodies, sung in Norwegian to organ accompaniment—and a recital of English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, and French folk songs by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten. Britten's clever and endlessly inventive arrangements will probably infuriate many a folksy purist; others will find this sophisticated and witty entertainment delightful and frequently provocative. From the associated Oiseau-Lyre label come two splendid discs of twentieth century chamber music played by the Melos Ensemble, a highly flexible group made up of some of London's leading instrumentalists. The first of these is devoted to French music and features Ravel's familiar Introduction and Allegro as well as Debussy's splendid Sonata for Flute, Viola, and Harp; Roussel's Serenade; and Prelude, Marine, and Chansons by J. Guy Ropartz. These are fine performances, excellently recorded, but the other Melos disc is perhaps even more welcome, for it contains Schoenberg's remarkable Serenade, Opus 24, for Septet and Bass Voice. This fascinating score, in which the vocal part—sung by John Carol Case—is confined to a single, brief movement, is magnificently played under the direction of Bruno Maderna and, believe it or not, this is the first stereo recording of Schoenberg's music to appear in this country.

Lastly there is an album of an unusual kind, issued to mark the seventy-fifth birthday of the distinguished Austrian-born painter Oskar Kokoschka. This tribute to a great artist, who found asylum in England when the Nazis vilified his work and hounded him out of Germany, consists of a sumptuously produced volume of photographs and color

reproductions, together with a disc—available in English or German—on which the painter speaks of his life and his work, his autobiographical jottings being interspersed with brief passages of music chosen by him. The personality which emerges from these grooves, as well as from the printed page, is indeed impressive—strong, simple, and of granite-like integrity. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

Royalty of the Recital Stage

One is the late Elisabeth Schumann whose lieder recitals outshone even the greatest of her operatic performances. Her lifelong friend and contemporary Mme. Lotte Lehmann called her "...the singer who best represents the style of lieder singing in its purest form."

The other is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Many say she is the only worthy replacement for Elisabeth Schumann. Like Mme. Schumann, she is an accomplished opera singer, but it is her lieder singing which captivates audiences—she is indeed "an empress of the lieder domain...", Jay Harrison, New York Herald Tribune.

Angel Records is proud to present these undisputed queens of the lieder in three matchless new albums. Two contain virtually every Schubert song recorded by Elisabeth Schumann. They are available for the first time as additions to the critically acclaimed Great Recordings of The Century Series (COLH 130, 131). The third is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's long-awaited disk of Hugo Wolf's Goethe Lieder (S) 35909.

Also available on Angel: Elisabeth Schumann, Lieder Recital (Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss) COLH 102; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Schubert Lieder Recital 35022.

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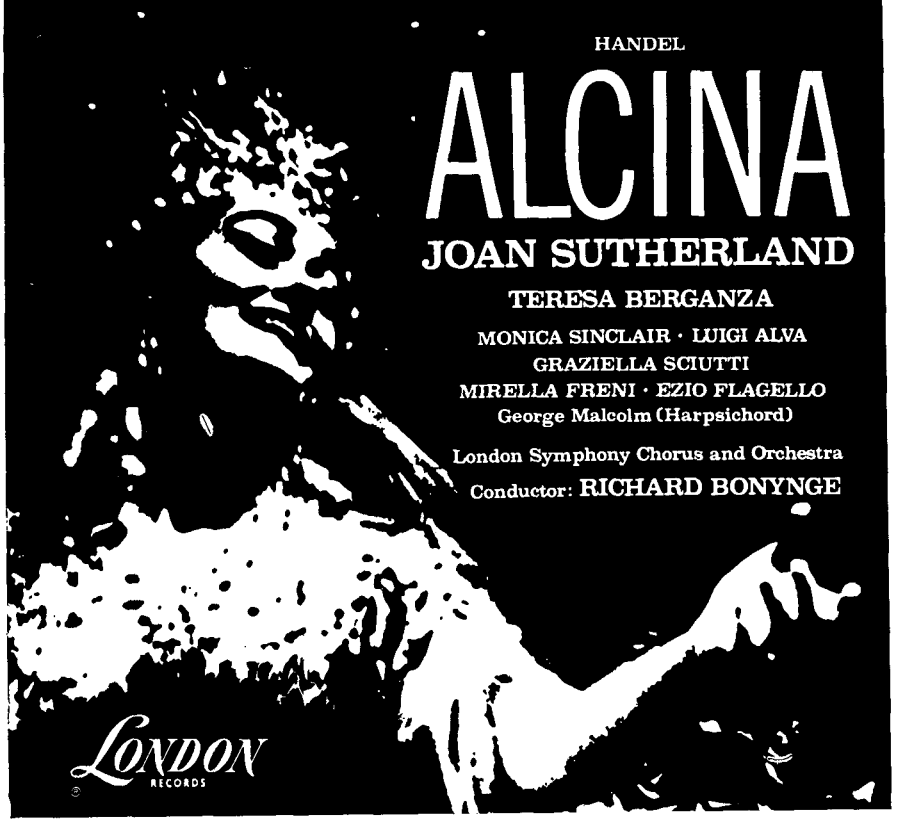
"Miss Sutherland's triumph came as the tempestuous sorceress in Handel's rarely performed Alcina." (Dallas, Texas Performance) NEWSWEEK



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London Symphony
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Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2
Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting
London Symphony
SR90301/MG50301

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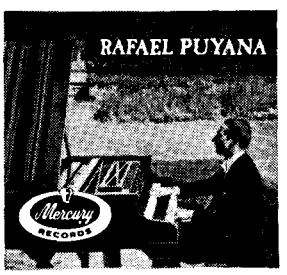

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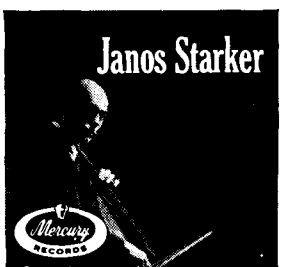

Dvorak Violoncello Concerto
Bruch Kol Nidrei
Antal Dorati conducting
London Symphony
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Audio Directory

(*Continued from page* 43)

100-B and X-101-C stereo master control-amplifiers (Stratakit KX-100); R-200 AM-FM mpx tuner. 629-537-539-541-546.

GRAND AWARD RECORD CO. Command Records, Grand Award Records. Six new releases. 426.

GROMMES PRECISION ELECTRONICS, INC. Amplifiers, tuners, receivers. New E series E-24 and E-36 stereo amplifiers, E-104M and E-105M AM-FM mpx tuners, etc.; Custom series 24PG, 36PG, and 70PG stereo amplifiers, 101-BM FM mpx tuner, 102DM AM-FM mpx tuner, 502M and 500M AM-FM mpx receivers, etc. 408.

HARMAN-KARDON, INC. Stereo amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuners, receivers; stereo amplifier, preamplifier, tuner kits. New Citation A solid-state preamplifier control center; Award Series kits: A50K, A30K amplifiers; F50XK FM stereo tuner; Award Festival III and Recital II AM-FM/FM stereo receivers. 528-529.

HARTLEY PRODUCTS CO. Loudspeakers and systems. New model 312 12-in. cone, model 220MS speaker, model 310 10-in. cone. 600.

HEATH COMPANY. Electronic kits. New 70-watt transistor stereo amplifier, FM-FM stereo tuner, 4-track stereo tape recorder, Profile speaker system. 430.

KENWOOD ELECTRONICS, INC. Components. KW60 AM-FM mpx receiver, KS10 stereo bookshelf speaker system, KS8 speaker system, KP2 and KP2H 4-speed turntables. 604.

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP. New model 11 portable stereo phonograph (26 lbs.), model 12 speaker system, mpx adapter. "Controlled Environment" exhibit. 642-644-645.

KOSS ELECTRONICS, INC. Stereo headphones. New deluxe model headset, shock-proof and shatter-proof. 637.

LECTRONICS OF CITY LINE CENTER. Speakers, speaker systems, tuners, amplifiers, arms, cartridges. New IMF Styrene Pressure Loudspeaker. 420-421.

LESA OF AMERICA CORP. Record changers, players, phonographs. New model CD3/31 automatic changer, GT5/11 manual player, portables. 601.

MARANTZ COMPANY, INC. Stereo pre-

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amplifiers, amplifiers. New FM multiplex tuner. 308.

McINTOSH LABORATORY, INC. Components. New FM mpx tuner MR65B; C110 stereo tuner-preamplifier; C11 stereo preamplifier; single-chassis stereo amplifiers: 240, 225, 275, 507-552.

NESHAMINY ELECTRONIC CORP. Electrostatic speakers. New compact Z-500 speaker system with electrostatic tweeter. 407.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS CO., INC. Tape recorders, loudspeakers. New Norelco Continental 401 4-speed transistorized stereo tape recorder with 15/16ips speed. 500-501.

OMEGA ELECTRONICS CORPORATION. Transistor stereo amplifiers and tuners. New models. 303.

PACO ELECTRONICS CO., INC. Stereo, hi-fi, and test equipment kits. New speaker system, redesigned stereo amplifier-preamplifier, redesigned AM-FM tuner, new FM mpx tuner. 438.

PICKERING & CO., INC. New Stanton line including Model 200 Unipoise arm; Pickering U38/AT cartridge for automatic turntables. 339.

.OT RADIO CORPORATION. New component console series of radiophonographs in five furniture styles. New components. 633-635.

REK-O-CUT CO., INC. Turntables, tone arms, speaker systems. New Rondine 2 turntable; Auto-Poise automatic arm; Sonoteer speaker system; stereo single-unit speaker system; future products in prototype. 602-623.

REVERE CAMERA CO. Tape recorders. New Wollensak 1580 stereo tape recorder. 506-508.

ROCKBAR CORP. Loudspeakers and enclosures. New Goodmans Slimform speaker systems, 5¼ in. deep. 436-440.

ROCKFORD SPECIAL FURNITURE CO. Cabinetry. New Danish Modern, Early American cabinets. 527.

ROYCE ELECTRONIC DEVELOPMENTS, INC. Audio Robot remote control for on/off function without added wiring, with indicator light. 619.

SCOPE ELECTRONICS CORP. EMI components. New Model EPU 100 pickup arm and cartridge, Model DLS 529 bookshelf speaker system. 416-418.

H. H. SCOTT, INC. Tuners, amplifiers, speakers, kits. New 340, 350-B, 333 tuners with "sonic monitor"; SK-4 3-way speaker system. 542-544.

SHERWOOD ELECTRONIC LABORATORIES, INC. Tuners, amplifiers ,speakers, adapters. New S-2100 AM-FM mpx tuner, S-7700 AM-FM mpx receiver; SR2 Berkshire and SR3 Ravinia speakers; SLI Stereo-lite and kit; S-5600 stereo amplifier-preamplifier kit. 447.

SHURE BROTHERS, INC. Tone arms. New model M222 integrated tone arm and cartridge with N22D stylus; new N22D stylus available separately; SME series 2 tone arm. 428.

STEREOSONICS, INC. Audio accessories. Wireless or wired remote control for on/off, tuning, volume, balance; phase coordinator and balance meter for measuring stereo effect and phase. 427.

SUPEREX ELECTRONICS CORPORATION. Woofer-tweeter stereo headphones. Tweeter on/off demonstration. 538.

SUPERSCOPE, INC. Sony tape recorders and microphones. New model 464-CS Sterecorder, for 4-track; 777 Professional Sterecorder Series, fully transistorized. 437.

TANDBERG OF AMERICA, INC. Tape recorders, speakers, microphones. New stereo models 6-44 and 7. 328.

TANNOY (AMERICA) LTD. Speakers, enclosures. New Slendyne stereo enclosure. 547.

TRANSVISION ELECTRONICS, INC. TV kits and wired chassis in b/w and color. New models with 21-in. RCA color tube. 305-306.

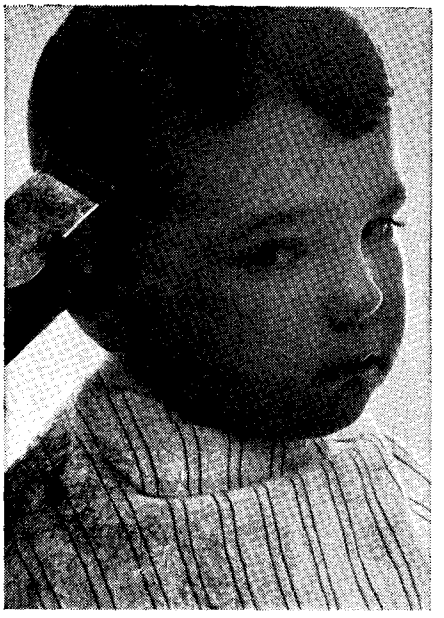
UNITED AUDIO PRODUCTS. Turntables, changers, speakers, cartridges, tape recorders, stereo portables. New Dual TG12SK stereo tape recorder, 1007A 3-in-1 changer, 1008A 3-in-1 changer with intermix, Party 1008V24 stereo portable (25 lbs.). 526.

UNIVERSITY LOUDSPEAKERS. Speaker systems. New Syl-o-ette 4-in. deep system; Classic Dual-12 with two 12-in. speakers; Companionette; Minni-flex; Minni (2-in. deep) system. 534.

VIKING OF MINNEAPOLIS, INC. Component tape recorders and playback decks. Tape Seminar of Viking equipment connected to various components. Model 86 Stereo-Compact. 509-510.

WEATHERS. Turntables, tone arms, cartridges. New "66" turntable, professional pickup system, LDM cartridge, Moderne speakers. 301.

ZENITH RADIO. Radio, TV, stereo. New Micro-Touch 2G tone arm. 338-342.



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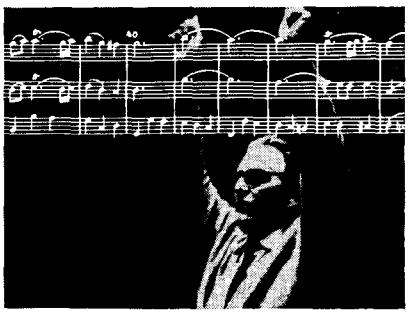

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BACH: The Complete Brandenburg Concerti (S)3627B

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BACH: St. Matthew Passion (S)3599 E/L

BRAHMS: Violin Concerto (S)35836 with David Oistrakh (French National Radio Orchestra)

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7 in E (S)3626B with Wagner: Siegfried Idyll

RICHARD STRAUSS: "Don Juan", Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome"; "Till Eulenspiegel" (S)35737

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4 in G (S)35829 soprano solo by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf

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For a complete discography of Klemperer recordings on Angel Records, see your record dealer.

Prospects for Fall

*New records are usually announced from month to month, but a survey of leading manufacturers has produced the following directory to issues scheduled for October, November and early December. Listing is by composers to facilitate collation of items which are duplicated. Save for reissues (identified by *) all recordings are available in both stereo and monophonic form.*

ADAM: "Giselle," ballet. *Karajan, Vienna Philharmonic* (London)

ANDERSON, L.: "Fiddle Faddle," "Blue Tango," etc. *Boston Pops* (RCA)

BACH: Brandenburg Concertos. *Klemperer, Philharmonia* (Angel)

Cantata No. 76: "Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes." *Fritz Werner conducting, with Reichelt, Töpper, Krebs, Kelch et al.* (Epic.)

Magnificat. *Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic, with Venora, Tourel, Oberlin, Bressler, Farrow, Schola Cantorum* (Columbia)

Partitas & Sonatas for Unaccompanied Violin. *J. Szigeti* (Bach Guild)

St. Matthew Passion. *Klemperer, Philharmonia, with Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Fischer-Dieskau.* (Angel)

6 Sonatas for Violin & Harpsichord. *Y. Menuhin & G. Malcolm* (Angel)

Suites Nos. 2 & 3 for Orch. *Ansermet, Suisse Romande.* (London)

4 Organ Concerti after Vivaldi. *Anton Heiller* (Bach Guild)

Transcriptions by Schoenberg, Stravinsky, & Webern. *Abravanel, Utah Sym. Orch.* (Vanguard)

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concertos, complete. *Kempff, Leitner, Berlin Philharmonic* (D.G.). "Emperor" Concerto. *Alfred Brendel, Zubin Meta cond.* (Vox).

Late Quartets. *Budapest Quartet* (Columbia), *Loewenguth Quartet* (Vox)

Late Piano Sonatas. *Brendel* (Vox).

Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"). *Böhim, Berlin Philharmonic* (D.G.)

Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral"). *Szell, Cleveland Orchestra* (Epic)

BERG: Violin Concerto. *Stern, Bernstein, N. Y. Philharmonic* (with Bartók: Two Rhapsodies) (Columbia)

BERLIOZ: "Romeo and Juliet," complete. *Monteux, London Symphony, et al.* (Westminster). *Munch, Boston Sym., soloists* (RCA)

BRAHMS: Violin Concerto. *Oistrakh, Klemperer, French Natl. Orch.* (Angel)

Piano Music. *Walter Klien* (Vox, two 3-disc sets)

Sonatas for Violin & Piano, complete. *Szeryng, Rubinstein* (with Beethoven: Opus 30, No. 2) (RCA)

Symphony No. 1. *Giulini, Philharmonia* (Angel), *B. Walter, Columbia Sym.* (Columbia)

Symphony No. 2. *Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic* ("The Sound of Lincoln Center") (Columbia)

BRITTEN: "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." *Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic* (with Saint-Saëns: "Carnival of Animals") (Columbia); *Frémaux, Monte Carlo Opera Or* (with Turina & Milhaud works, (D.G.)

CARTER: "Pocahontas" ballet suite. *J. Monod, Zurich Radio Orch;* and Piano Sonata. *Charles Rosen* (Epic)

CHAUSSON: Symphony in B flat. *Munch, Boston Symphony* (RCA)

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR: "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." *R. Lewis, Sargent, Philharmonia, Royal Choral Society* (Angel)

COPLAND: "A Lincoln Portrait" (C. Heston), "Quiet City," "An Outdoor Overture," Suite from "Our Town." *Abravanel, Utah Sym.* (Vanguard)

DEBUSSY: Piano Music. *Peter Frankl* (Vox Box)

DELIUS: "Brigg Fair," Dance Rhapsody No. 2, "In a Summer Garden," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." *Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.* (Columbia)

DUKAS: "Sorcerer's Apprentice," "La Péri.," *Frémaux, Monte Carlo Opera Orch.* (with Satie: "Parade") (D.G.)

DVORAK: Cello Concerto. *P. Fournier, Szell, Berlin Philharmonic* (D.G.)

Quartets Nos. 1-5. *Kohon Quartet* (Vox)

Stabat Mater. *V. Smetacek, Cz Philharmonic, soloists* (D.G.)

Symphony No. 4 (8). *Giulini, Philharmonia* (Angel), *B. Walter, Columbia Sym.* (Columbia)

FAURÉ: Ballade for Piano and Orch.

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R. Casadesus, Bernstein, N. Y. Philharmonic (with Saint-Saëns Concerto No. 4) (Columbia)

HANDEL: "Messiah." **Scherchen, London Sym., soloists* (Bach Guild)
"Royal Fireworks" and Concerto a due Cori. *Mackerras, Pro Arte Orch.* (Vanguard); "Fireworks" and "Water Music" Suites. *Stokowski* (RCA)
"Saul," complete. *Wöldike, Vienna Sym., Copenhagen Boys Choir et al.* (Bach Guild)

HAYDN: Paukenmesse. *Gillesberger, orch., soloists, chorus* (Vox)

HONEGGER: "King David." *Abravanel, Utah, Sym., with M. Singher* (also Milhaud "Création du Monde") (Vanguard)

KHACHATURIAN: Suites from "Gayne" & "Spartacus." *Composer cond. Vienna Philharmonic* (London)

LOCATELLI: "L'Arte del Violino." *Lautenbacher, chamber orch.* (Vox)

MAHLER: Symphony No. 4. *Klemperer, Philharmonia, with Schwarzkopf* (Angel)

MASSENET: "Werther"—excerpts. *Elias, Valletti, Souzay, orch. under Leibowitz* (RCA)

MONTEVERDI: "Coronation of Poppea" *E. Zareska et al.* (Vox)
"Lagrimae d'Amante," "Lamento l'Ariana" and other madrigals. *Petit Vocal Ensemble* (Vox)

MOUSSORGSKY: "Pictures at an Exhibition." *Gary Graffman, piano* (with Balakirev's "Islamey") (Columbia)

MOZART: Piano Concertos 21 & 23. *Rubinstein, Wallenstein,* (RCA) Nos. 22 & 25. *Brendel* (Vox) 6 "Haydn" Quartets. *Juilliard Quartet* (Epic)

PAGANINI: Concerto No. 1. *Erick Friedman, Hendl, Chicago Sym.* (RCA)

PERGOLESI: Concertinos. *E. de Stoutz, Zurich Chamber Orch.* (Bach Guild)

POULENC: "Les Biches," ballet. *Prêtre, Paris Conservatoire Orch.* (in Angel ballet collection)

PROKOFIEFF: "Love for Three Oranges" Suite. *Fiedler, Boston Pops* (with Chopin "Les Sylphides") (RCA)
Suites from "Cinderella" & "Romeo and Juliet" *Ansermet, Suisse Romande Orch.* (London)

PUCCINI: "Trittico," complete ("Suor Angelica," "Gianni Schicchi," "Il Tabarro"). *Tebaldi, del Monaco, Simionato, et al.* (London)

PURCELL: "Come Ye Sons of Art," etc. *Deller et al.* (Bach Guild)
"Dido and Aeneas." *Janet Baker, Patricia Clark, Monica Sinclair.* (L'Oiseau-Lyre)

RACHMANINOFF: Concerto No. 2. *Cliburn, Reiner, Chicago Sym.* (RCA)

SCHOENBERG: "Gurre-Lieder." **Leibowitz conducting* (Vox)

SCHUBERT: "Moments Musicales" & misc. piano pieces. *A. Brendel* (Vox)
"Rosamunde" music, complete. *Abravanel, Utah Sym., chorus* (Vanguard)
Songs. **Elisabeth Schumann* (Angel, two discs)
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—RICHARD FREED.

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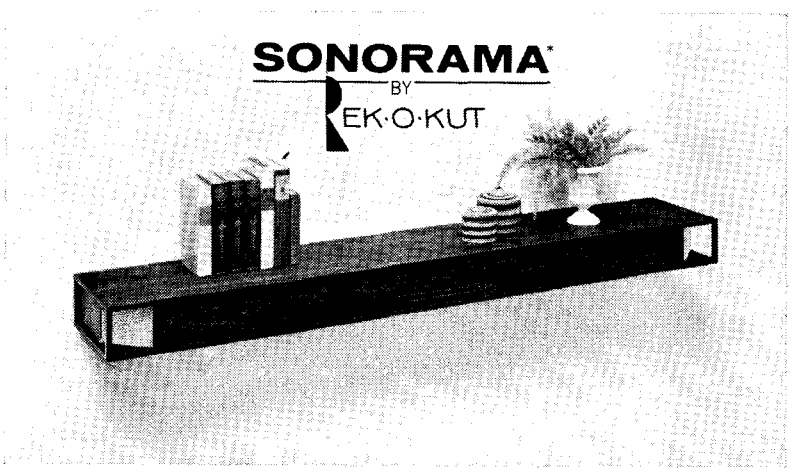

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"DON'T PRAISE MY CHARMS TOO MUCH"

IRVING KOLODIN'S DESCRIPTION of Los Alamos [*SR*, Aug. 25] greatly exaggerates our wealth and standard of living. I am sure he meant us no harm, but, because of the peculiar circumstances under which Los Alamos exists, a false picture of high living does us a disservice. The federal government operates not only the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory but also all community services and almost all residential housing in the town. It has been government policy that we are to live in decent, but not luxurious circumstances. This is fair, but it seems to us that the government has often tried too hard not to make our life luxurious, and we therefore get upset when a glowing description of our town, such as Mr. Kolodin's, is circulated. We are especially sensitive about this now that disposal legislation is pending in Congress.

Los Alamos is a good place to live, but the attractions are provided mainly by the magnificent natural surroundings, not by man-made facilities. We are not economically underprivileged, but it is unfair to suggest that we live in luxury.

ALFRED R. KOELLE.
Los Alamos, N.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first time* SR's *music critic has been rebuked for a good notice.*

SUNK AS WELL AS CONCEALED

IN A LETTER about my April review of the London "Salome" and questions it raised on the boosting of individual orchestral strands in stereo Wagner and Strauss [*SR*, Aug. 25], Mr. Ernest Birchenough takes issue with my statement that Wagner submerged his orchestra at Bayreuth for the sake of underplaying certain of the winds and percussion. It is Mr. Birchenough's contention that Wagner, in sinking his pit, did so only to spare the audience a visual distraction. Since this is a matter not of opinion but of fact, I should like to quote from an old but still highly respected source book, "The Music Dramas of Richard Wagner and His Festival Theatre in Bayreuth" (Dodd, Mead and Co.), by Albert Lavignac: "The orchestra, which is made invisible by means of a double screen which partly covers it, is arranged upon steps which are a continuation of those of the spectators and descend a long way under the stage as into a kind of cave, which has received the name of the 'mysterious space' or the 'mystic abyss.' There the instruments are grouped by families, exactly as at large symphony concerts, except that things are reversed, the conductor and violins being above, and the noisy instruments below at the back."

As a diagram in the book shows—quite aside from the aesthetic factor of a concealed orchestra—Wagner was thinking in terms of terraced sonorities, with the full force of brass and percussion softened and fused by depth and distance. Instead of placing his artillery in relief, he wanted to integrate it, tone it down.

ROBERT LAWRENC
New York, N.Y.

SILVERSTEIN ON COLUMBIA

IN YOUR MAGAZINE [*SR*, July 28], there is a review of a recording of Bach and Bartók sonatas performed by Joseph Silverstein on Columbia records. The reviewer calls attention to the fact that Mr. Silverstein made this record for Columbia rather than—as might have been expected—for RCA Victor, with which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has a long-standing affiliation, Mr. Silverstein having recently been appointed Concertmaster.

The reason for the Columbia label is that this recording was made under the auspices of the Walter W. Naumburg Foundation, which has for a long time sponsored certain Columbia recordings of contemporary American music.

LEOPOLD MANNES, President,
Walter W. Naumburg Foundation.
New York, N.Y.

DATES FOR FISCHER-DIESKAU

COULD YOU PLEASE tell me, if you know, the dates and places of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's appearances in Boston, New York, and Washington? I noticed in an article by Gerald Moore [*SR*, June 30] that he was planning an American tou

ELEANOR HUMES.
New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In Boston: Symphony Hall, November 14; in Washington: Lisner Auditorium, November 16; in New York: Carnegie Hall, October 30, all with Gerald Moore; also in New York, at Carnegie Hall, with the Pittsburgh Symphony on November 12, and in "The Rake's Progress" on November 20. For those elsewhere: he will appear in Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh (where he will sing "Das Lied von der Erde," as at his second New York appearance).*

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 45

sic which makes an overt effort to capture the listener's attention—which may be one reason why it continues to be an enthusiasm primarily of those willing to make an effort on its behalf.

In the present case, that effort is most consistently merited by the two works of Side Two, for unaccompanied violin. The accompanying sonata for violin and piano, of 1912, does not have nearly the artistic assurance or the emotional directness of the solo works written a decade later. It has unquestionable character, but it is a little self-conscious in its quest for a new harmonic orientation.

By the time of the Prelude and Variations (1923), even more, the Preludio e Presto of 1928, Nielsen was free-wheeling his way through scale and tonalities with no need to add consciously what his annotator Mogens Heimann is made, in translation, to call "fresh" notes (defined as not being "part of the established tonal constellation"). He also sees in the Preludio e Presto a road marker leading to Bartók's solo sonata, but it is worth recalling that Ysaye had preceded both on this unaccompanied path.

As a violinist (Nielsen played in the Opera Orchestra of Copenhagen for sixteen years), it may be presumed that Nielsen knew his Ysaye. In any case, as a violinist, Nielsen certainly knew the violin, for which he writes with daring, based on a completely idiomatic sense of its capacities. Both of the unaccompanied works abound in contrapuntal interweavings, sorties from the highest to the lowest register, and ingenious combinations of multiple stopping.

It remains only to be said that Kai Laursen, hitherto unknown to international fame as a violinist, bears every responsibility equitably, and is equal even to the special requirements of the Preludio e Presto (loose bow strings, a distinctive kind of mute). It would be a pleasure to hear him in works of the standard repertory, so well does he acquit himself here. The recording is very good, in every way.

In the Wings, Grace Brumbry

GLUCK: *"Che farò senza Euridice"* and *"Che puro ciel"* (*"Orfeo"*); VERDI: *"O don fatale"* (*"Don Carlo"*), *"Re dell' abisso"* (*"Ballo"*); MASCAGNI: *"Voi lo sapete"* (*"Cavalleria"*), BIZET: *"L'Amour est un oiseau rebelle,"* *"Près des ramparts de Séville,"* and *"Card Scene"* (*"Carmen"*); GOUNOD: *"O ma lyre immortelle"* (*"Sapho"*); SAINT-SAENS: *"Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix"* (*"Samson et Dalila"*), *and* Tchaikovsky: *"Adieu, forêts* (*"Jeanne d'Arc"*). *Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, with orchestra directed by Janos Kulka.* Deutsche Grammophon 138826, $6.98.

It is, in truth, an extraordinary voice that Grace Bumbry has made for herself—opulent, pure, wide ranging, as direct in its appeal as it is in its attack on the problems in this German-made version of the mezzo's Civil Service Examination. The phraseology "made for herself" respects the changes that have come about in its impact and discipline since Miss Bumbry was first heard in a series of summer concerts in San Francisco several years ago.

In this collection—which admits no problem and recognizes no barriers to full command from Gluck to Tchaikovsky—Miss Bumbry is out of the neophyte class and vocally, at least, ready for launching on her career (which has, of course, already included a Venus at Bayreuth and a ceremonial visit to the White House). But in various other respects—command of verbal

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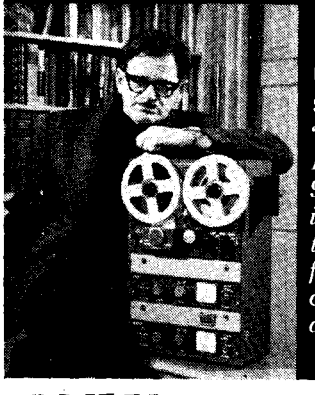

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detail, ease of transition from one mood to another, delineation of the character whose music she is performing—Miss Bumbry is somewhat ahead of herself, if she wants to have her artistic status judged by this recording. She does her best work in the legato phraseology of "My heart at thy sweet voice" and "Che farò" (less so in "Che puro ciel," which calls for more repose than she presently commands). She is least adept in the involved detail of the "Carmen" excerpts, for she has not yet discovered the secret of lightening her tones sufficiently to make them pliable. And when she is called upon to deliver the massive sound for "O don fatale" and "Re dell' abisso affretati," she tends to sound immature.

But this is a remarkable vocal talent, certainly, and one which is very close to high artistic standing. She should, however, have a reasonable time in which to solidify her command of the roles represented by these arias (which are, of themselves, not yet fully under command) before she enters the international operatic arena.

With all patience it can only be said that this collection has been stupidly put together, with "Che farò" preceding "Che puro ciel," which it follows in the opera, and the latter broken off without resolution before "O don fatale." Kulka is full of bounce and enthusiasm, but a conductor with greater experience might have been more useful to the singer. —I.K.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 35

chaturian himself ("Gayne" in particuar). Because it is difficult to imagine a composer with his demonstrated sensitivity also possessing so wide a streak of the meretricious, it can only be concluded that the latter is stitched in to protect his hearth and home. Good as this may be for local consumption, it hardly justifies an export visa—unless there is some secret cell in the Bolshoi apparatus which is conspiring to show proletarian art at its least distinguished.

Thanks to S. Hurok, there is dancing currently in New York almost everywhere but in the streets—and one could imagine that, too, could it be somehow arranged. In its current engagement at City Center, the Folklorico ensemble from Mexico City is presenting a replica of the program described here recently from its viewing in the Hollywood Bowl (*SR*, September 1). Its better qualities are enhanced by the advantages of a proper stage and an audience at close range, with an output of movement, music, and Mexicana that makes for a warmly colorful entertainment.

—Irving Kolodin.

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SINGLE MAN, 32, wants job in Europe, November/March, Am Golf Club manager, office; pianist. Suggestions? Box A-44.

(Continued on page 60)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 59)

SPEAKERS FOR SALE. Matched pair Wharfedale WAF/2 modified, walnut cabinets, $235. DEfender 5-4165 NYC or write Box A-50.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1487

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Descriptive of the most modern forms of swing music; capable of arousing enthusiasm (2 wds.) (colloq.).

B. A legal surrender of a claim.

C. These organs of sight were lidless, acc'g to Rossetti's "The House of Life" (3 wds.).

D. Cult of art and literature, negating beauty, whose tenets are intentionally obscure, popular in France 1917-20.

E. Amer. engineer who invented the diving bell, built great bridge at St. Louis, etc. (1820-87).

F. Adventitious sound of morbid origin heard sometimes along with normal respiratory sounds.

G. Minor.

H. A cell which develops a Word N.

I. Medieval title given to one having an academic license to teach.

J. One of last year's crop of a certain staple of diet originated in Peruvian Andes before 1500 (2 wds.).

K. Breach.

L. First part of hyphenated name of Assyrian king who defeated great Babylon (12 cent. B.C.).

M. See Word Z (2 wds.).

WORDS

59 158 92 189 136 65

131 152 159 110 145 181

91 93 107 175 150 206 9 127 35 161

202 60 177 171

122 141 15 172

197 75 47 112

160 44 163 185 78 8

203 179 86 118 46 146 201 18 167 156

153 116 111 13 51 138 77 26

72 48 194 134 178 100 165 148 80

96 204 135 60 34 182 82

36 106 29 4 133 90 184

27 64 88 23 140 83 113 117

DEFINITIONS

N. Minute stinging organ (see Word H).

O. Imaginary being supposed by Christians to be a Mohammedan deity, now applied to a brawling woman.

P. Bombastic language (colloq.).

Q. Duke of Aquitaine who defeated invading Arabs, 721 and 732.

R. Disagreeably chilly, damp, breezes (2 wds.).

S. Lawful claim or title.

T. Not very many (3 wds.).

U. Calm, peaceful (as the fabled bird which stills the waves when nesting).

V. Italian cop.

W. A Venus's girdle is about the best-known of this sort of marine creature.

X. English chemist who shared a Nobel Prize, 1937.

Y. Irreproachably.

Z. Followed by Word M, familiar way of referring to the largest body of individual underwriters in the world.

Z¹. Very well-known Czech composer (1841-1904).

Z². Bohemian violin virtuoso, well-known to all students for his bowing studies, etc. (1852-1934).

WORDS

87 94 38 67 169 53 143 132 115 19

3 176 6 61 49 209 32 142 56

30 168 126 74 157 89 22 147 166 84 193

196 28 45 144 10

104 174 188 17 99 208 79 97

63 81 128 5 105 76 57 37 73

120 98 54 200 186 31 4 190 58 62

101 192 41 11 183 2 205

69 173 39 108 137 119

102 85 164 114 154 55 12 43 21 139

66 130 170 7 50 1 121

207 33 109 125 70 199 95 25 149 198

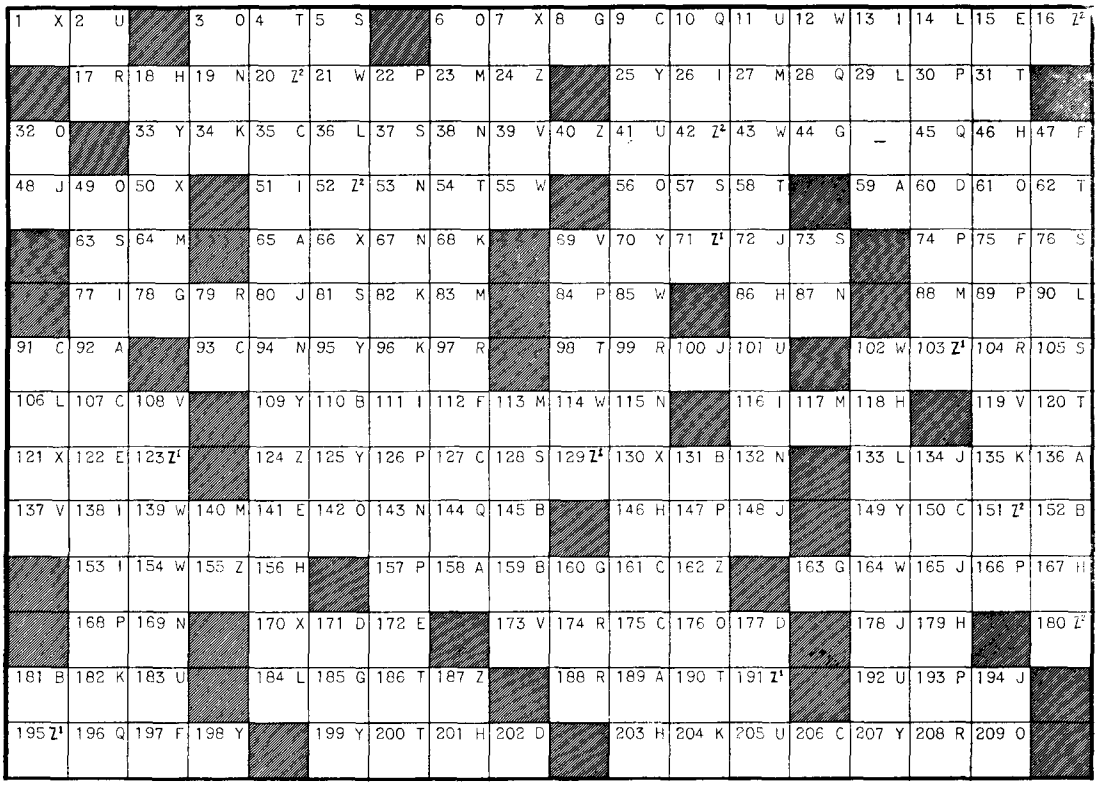
40 124 24 162 187 155

129 195 71 123 103 191

16 20 180 52 42 151

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Your first lesson: "A Suburban Street"

A new way to learn how to paint

—for people who have hesitated to try

Now you can experience the thrill of painting in real oils—gain a new understanding and appreciation of art—and acquire a collection of genuine oil paintings that will amaze your friends.

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